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# DECK OF THE CRESCENT CITY;

A

PICTURE OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY

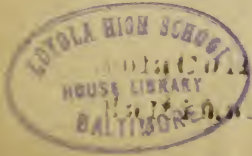
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THIS VOLUME IS CORDIALLY INSCRIBED

TO

RICHARD H. DANA,

An American, who, had he lived in England, would no doubt have added himself, by copious fruits of meditation and fancy, to the illustrious line of great English poets, but whose life, being cast in a country not ripe to enjoy "divine philosophy," and its

"perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns,"

has been one of comparative silence, yet whose deep-toned harp breathes into many ears inspiring cadences, and grieves hearts also with the sure conviction, that, in time to come, the stifling of such music will bring upon the land more just ignominy than can be compensated in honor by all the swift yachts, patent locks, six-barrelled revolvers, steamships without bowsprits, and metropolitan hotels, that can be invented between now and the Day of Judgment.



RBR  
Jantz  
#356

## P R E F A C E .

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THE larger part of this volume was printed nearly a year ago, but was thrown aside from dissatisfaction, and with the intention to reconstruct the whole from the beginning. The book has been recently resumed and finished, according to the first plan, with as deep a consciousness as ever of its defects of style, but with no essential distrust of its general sentiment. The speculations upon the purposes of Young America will seem to follow the public cry, but they were in print before the phrase became a byword.

CAMBRIDGE, January, 1853.





THE  
DECK OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

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ON the day when a steamship arrives at New York from Chagres, bringing a freight of gold-dust and news of more to come, the national symbol may be said to appear, expanding his wings from the Battery upward as far as one can ride for sixpence ; — and that is a long space, for a man from the interior of the State or of the Nation, being at the mercantile head-quarters of his country, may enter one of the vehicles, in which six persons may look six others out of countenance in a short time, while a seventh intruder is threatened with a lasting obliqueness of sight, from having no one directly to stare at, and being obliged to divide his regards between two faces, each but half opposite to his, — the stranger may enter one of these bulky boxes,

at the corner of a street, far below zero, and thence may be jolted noisily to the neighborhood of number fifty. There, paying the fare, he may stumble out of the equipage with glee, supposing that he must have been mistaken for the passenger who entered but two streets below, and who, he imagines, will have to foot the bill of his cheap excursion. Thus pleasantly disposed, he may walk back leisurely, finding in the windows of the shops an ample scope for what the transcendental sages would call objective amusement. The purchase, at auction, of a watch, or of a few articles of jewelry, may alone convince him that New York has less remunerative uses for rustic capital than riding in an omnibus.

The presence of this immense eagle enlivens the whole city, and every nerve that centres in the brain of Wall Street thrills beneath the exhilarating touch of the air. Speculative ardors are peculiarly enkindled, although there is, daily, much speculation, interesting to one party or the other, and sometimes to both. Practical gentlemen, who never express opinions of enterprises until they see their tangible fruits, poise

thoughtfully some of the heavy yellow crumbs in their hands, and pronounce the Californian excitement to be a very respectable affair.

Every feather of the eagle trembles with ecstasy, his eyes look like two planets visible at noon, and his screams of delight are audible for miles. He is not content to remain stationary, but, compressing his form, makes use of the galvanic wires, and flies over the country, declaring everywhere the receipts of gold, and the discovery of new mines, which last continue to be very productive in the public journals, until passengers are engaged, and their fares paid, for the next steamer bound for the Isthmus, when it sometimes falls out that their value is less than was at first reported.

The eagle dilates his size at frequent intervals in his journey, to the pleasurable amazement of the people. His rays make the whole air shine wherever he goes ; eyes look up enchanted, and the brains to which they convey the news of his arrival are also fired with the splendor. When the wires fail, he condescends to use the slower conveyances of steam, and occasionally he perches himself upon the top of an old stage,

where he gleams like a sun, on an excursion of pleasure. He employs editors to convey his news where he cares not himself to go, and he rewards these faithful deputies with his bright smiles, and sometimes with likenesses of himself, set in gold. As he passes over roads, embroidered with fields of wheat, the husbandmen shade their eyes from the reflected glare of their scythes, and looking up, perceive the cause of the dazzling light; then, suspending their toil, they repair to the nearest inns to hear the last intelligence from the mines. The stagemen are always proud of their outside passenger, who, shouting and shining in his revelry, startles every neighborhood with his brightness and noise.

Finally, on completing his luminous circuit over mountains, lakes, and rivers, he repairs to the Falls of Niagara, to remain there until another arrival summons him away. He enthrones himself high among the vapors, which rather increase than dim his effulgence, and he buoys his immensity in a way unknown. He expands his wings so widely, that one may reflect the first beams of the sun, and the other the last, extending his left wing over the Atlantic sea, on

account of the unequal width of land to be over-spread. Thus imperially placed, he looks with some scorn on the unproductive, watery glories beneath, makes the arch of inwoven rays of mercy, truth, and beauty his footstool, mingles with the ascending music his shrill cries of gold! gold! gold! and acknowledges, with ceaseless vibrations of his glittering beak and fiery eyes, the adoration paid to him by innumerable bended knees or prostrate faces.

Multitudes now ponder the design of searching for the rich treasures, of which such brilliant promises have been lavished abroad, indorsed by actual success. Every generous or selfish motive for accumulation is excited, and all purposes for which money can be spent to purchase pleasure are entertained by the fancy. Every social rank and every calling feels its degree of the reflective influence. The Western hunter, taking up the last journal that has reached his secluded abode, and reading its alluring intelligence, lays aside his faithful rifle, with which he has hunted the swift and graceful deer, that, startled by his rustling step in her quiet solitude, has cast one vain glance at the clear brook at her side, and

then fled, for safety, to the depth of the tangled forest: he resolves to go in chase of the gold-bearing quartz. The farmer, visiting his brown acres, and seeing how slowly springs up the grain which he has planted, reflecting how much rain and sunshine must fall upon the earth, how much toiling culture he must himself expend, before the sheaves will stand before him, good sentinels against the scourge of want, determines to change his farm to a geological investment of another kind, more portable, and yielding quicker dividends. The fisherman, who has labored diligently with his hook and line for the lively, shining treasures of the "Banks," deems it well to visit the banks in the opposite section of the continent, which yield a discount to persistent spades. The keeper of the shop is ready to forsake his Cashmere vale of luxurious goods, visited by lovelier guests than ever breathed the air of Persia, concluding, after many sighs, that it will be as captivating to sift gold through iron sieves, as to receive it, with the bright usury of smiles, from hands that make the lilies envious.

The young lawyer, who has opened his office to adjust family quarrels and other disputes at



fair prices, but who finds that legal brethren, as briefless as himself, instead of clients, “come in” at his call,—who may have made his first plea in trying to save his flesh-colored library from the jaws of an execution, and may have written fewer lawyer’s letters than he has received,—feels inclined, after summing up his case, to promote the sovereignty of justice and his personal fortune in California. The surgeon, of narrower ministration than is comfortable, who keeps his instruments ever bright, that, when required, they may work brilliantly, believes that it will be philanthropic to exert his skill, now lying fallow, in the relief of much unforeseen suffering in the new settlements, being certain that, if he cannot apply the lancet to the vital courses of other people, he can, at least, use a pickaxe on the harder veins, that supply many wants of life. The clergyman, knowing that his appropriate province lies wherever men are found, if, while valuing truth supremely, he disallows, by his example and his word, the reclusive sanctity which frowns on doing good to men; feeling that the love of God, the germ, however sadly worn by time, of the Atlantic settlements, should not

yield wholly to the love of gold, the principle of the Pacific State, prepares to depart with the crowd, that he may help in guiding aright the luxuriance of a nation's rugged life.

Beside the delegation from New York in every steamer for Chagres, and others more or less familiar with the city, strangers arrive from every quarter, who have never seen the Atlantic metropolis before, except in their dreams, when it has appeared about as large as all the capitals of Europe together, and the famous fountain in the Park has thrown its waters so far and high, that they are sure it must be seen for many miles at sea. Sight surpasses their previous fancy, and some one more astounded than the rest may really conclude that no larger city ever was or could be built on the face of the earth, and he may wonder why people should still think of extending it. After much attentive walking about, they return to their inns at a loss whether they are distracted or enchanted, but, as it costs something to reach the city and to stay in it, they incline to believe themselves pleasantly excited. The city regards her rural admirers with very little of the astonished rapture with which they gaze upon her.



The strangers and residents, who intend taking passage for the Isthmus, whether familiar or not with steamships, have a presage of the trouble of embarking, which is fully met when they reach the neighborhood blackened by the vast moving tower. The host of excited people there seems like one great human monster, very uneasy and trying to move in diverse ways at once. The consciousness of being vexed is the only pledge of personality. The tumult discomposes every man; and the strongest nerves, as in other panics, draw to the extent of their available tension, and the weakest follow the usual course in such cases, and do as they can. Most of the passengers are of the enterprising kind of people who have never learned to move slowly, and ask of others no favor but to make room; and that often in tones far from courtly, that grate on sensitive ears. Reliance on self is their ruling star, and any resistance to its spell sets their energies on fire.

The whole structure is marvellous to eyes that may never have beheld such things, except when an over-indulgence in distilled harvests may have summoned images of terror before the couch of satiety. The passenger, especially if he be un-

used to such scenes, fears, from the prevailing hurry, that he will be too late, and, in his reckless apprehension, he may seize roughly hold of the first man without a coat whom he meets, and ask him if he be a porter, or one of those useful assistants may prevent such rudeness by a voluntary proffer of service, for a price. His trunks and boxes, containing, beside his own property, a few small parcels committed to his care for friends in California, lie in confusion before him: the crowd presses by in nervous haste; some individuals, fixing their eyes on the goal more than on the way, stumble over his heap of baggage, and, springing up bruised all over, glare at him fiercely, and add unlovely expressions; losing his control over himself, in his despair, he gives a quarter of a dollar to each of three little staring colored boys near him, either from a vague belief that the gift will facilitate his affairs in some magical way, or simply as a token of his manly faith in the unity of the race; he thinks that he hears the wheels moving, and that he may as well turn and go home; but the porter has already in his arms a part of his luggage, and now he has a new trouble: he is in doubt whether to go with him, and see that he puts

safely on board the goods that he has taken, or to stay, guarding what remains; there is no time for delay; he intrusts a valuable trunk to a man, who may be a pattern of every moral virtue, but whom he never saw before, and watches for him to return and take the rest of his equipment, that he may reach the deck at last, if he can, with no immediate responsibilities behind.

At length, after reaching the ship, he pays the porter's fee with a sunny suavity that adds to it one third more value, arranges in his dark but snug quarters the goods and chattels which he allows to himself for the voyage, sees the rest stowed in a close and gloomy prison, and having thus gone through his part in the lively drama, with much silent applause from himself, he ascends to the upper deck, and strives to appear as quietly as if his only motive for being there were to study humanity under excitement. He looks with thoughtful complacency upon the struggling crowd below, playing a much involved game of cross-purposes; and, puzzled out of his senses as he was, and having drawn them back by main force only, commends his superior presence of mind, and feels like a hero who has been in the wars.

Now composed, he removes the perspiration from his face, and takes from his hat the daily journal, which he bought at the steps of his hotel from the young vender, whom he counselled, with a genuine interest in his health, to soothe his voice with some emollient compound, which the youthful speculator promised, if he could have a double price for his paper ; and, on his suggestion being kindly met, moved away with his coppers and other extras, shouting his intellectual wares more hoarsely than ever.

He begins to read the discourse of the editor, aiming to show that the members of the Executive Cabinet, so far from feeling any jar in their consultations about the national welfare, resemble, in their attachment to the good of the Republic, the spokes of a wheel ; not one spoke being crooked, out of place, or unfavorable to the adjustment of ways and means by which the wheel of state revolves easily, swiftly, and musically along the path of manifest destiny.

Soon finding that his attentive power is less than he supposed it to be, he looks up and around, and on the paper again, which is now turned to an ocean of discord, where ideas united once, and

treating of unity in others, are wrenched out of shape, and dislocated spokes, tires, and hubs cross each other every way, while national destinies, passengers, trunks, iron houses packed in boxes, like sections of sea-serpents, to be put together again elsewhere, steam-engines, editors, and constitutional advisers, are beaten about, as if they were contending with a tornado from one quarter and a Gibraltar current from another. To sober his brain, he folds up the paper, puts it in his hat, and looks about on the deck. The spectacle of the thronging men, having in the main a common destination, but of various traits and motives, suggests to him many thoughts on the new tide of popular excitement.

If young men are Young America, there are many members here of that ideal community of persons, who can have little concert with Young England, if this brotherhood be really designing to restore the Middle Ages, and to bend the world again to the pressure of the feudal yoke. The most cordial American admirer of that period would hardly wish to retract from the world's history the name and voyages of Columbus, or even those of the less noble Spanish ad-

venturers who came after him, and to revive the civil, social, and sacrificial polities of the Aztecs and of the Incas, with the wilder usages of the aborigines, more rough and red, dispersed in regions farther north.

During the Middle Ages, the only monastic recluses in America were the vast forests, which, clad in emerald vestments, an order of their own, or in brown, or pearly white, bowed their suppliant heads in unison, and sighed their prayers upon the whispering winds; while the sun, the abbot of the order, paid his matinal and vesperal homage, kneeling at daily consecrated altars, flaming with every kind of precious radiance, in the eastern and western chancels of the abbey of the blue horizon, and devoutly proffered, through the duteous hours, his service of refulgence; the choristers, that chanted the breviary of gladness, with no days of sorrow interspersed, were the fathers of mighty tides, the waterfalls radiant with mist, the lakes, seas, oceans, striking the keys of instrumental shores, and the birds, warbling in the seclusions of their oaken screens; the only illuminated missals were the leaves of autumn, signals of the years that, crowned with



glories, die patiently by frosty pain, that other years may spring to life; the only rosaries were the changes which the faithful seasons told in the vigils of their journeys; the only adoring incense was the fragrance flung from floral censers, waving with voluntary motion in the air; the only consecrated bells that summoned nature's agencies to worship were hung high in towers of dark, shadowy clouds, and their great tongues of awful sound were made to beat by chains of fire; the only pilgrimages were made by crowds of rejoicing winged life, from regions invaded by winter to shrines of constant summer; the only wars and tournaments were those of scattered savage tribes, for every residence of earthly beauty that man once sees he is sure to mark with blood.

Young America seldom glances to those ages, called dark by many, chiefly because neither the streets of the cities, the aisles and altars of the churches were lighted by inflammatory gas, nor private houses in the same way, or by explosive fluids, occasionally fatal to people who desire the lightest light the lightest age can give; and because the meditative men, who lived by breathing the oppressive air, supposed to have over-

spread the world then like a huge black mantle, through which the stars looked like eyes of tigers seen through the grim tempest of a tropic night, — because these men, not being all their days intent on means to render this life excessively convenient, sometimes made fantastic flights of logic, to define the feats of sprightly angels, it passing notice that these vagaries occurred in the course of contemplation on sublimer matters than concern “this punctual spot,” and that thoughtful men, even now, might divine the antics of equally volatile and gymnastic spirits ; as, for instance, how small a force of that much adored archangel, steam, would send five hundred human beings into the air, to a height of eighty feet nine inches, allowing but one twentieth of the number to come down alive ; or how many of those singing seraphim revolvers, patented by fatherly governments desiring to please their playful children, would shoot every tenth man in the street ; or how many of those flashing cherubs, bowie-knives, would decimate the rest of the citizens with their sharp wings, the recipients of the angelic goodness to be speedily borne home to gentle wives and prattling children.



Whatever the members of Young America may think of "laws and learning," they would not respond, "Let trade and commerce die"; and they hold not in special honor the "old nobility" of any time or country. The whimses of these hasty words of youth should be forgiven, since they signify a spirit that deems not the strife for riches the divinest thing on earth. If there be here no prerogatives of birth, and but few to wish them to be kept, wherever they may be, at the hazard of humanity, yet, if the "old nobility" of Philosophy, who draw revenues of wisdom from tenancies of thoughtful years, bequeathe to after times estates rich in the castles, parks, and fertile acres of Truth, and store the treasures of meditation in palaces of crystal beauty, bright with the gathered rays of every nation's mind; if the royal host of Imagination, gleaming with sceptres and diadems of grace, informing nature with spiritual glory, from this single earth to every sphere, of steady or of twinkling beams, which Science through pure convexities can see, or with constructive figures build in space beyond the reach of sharpest aids of sight, breathing throughout the air entrancing harmonies, setting the histories of

nations in immortal gold, and changing the lives, toils, passions, woes, defeats, and victories of men into glad or sorrowful shapes of beauty, quivering with the pulses of conceptive mind ; if this peerage, wearing coronets at the court of queenly contemplation, and this enthroned regality of light, receiving homage from the loyal ages, are to be despoiled of their rights and domains by legions of reckless Enterprise, — then let that Vandal and his crew begone, to work harmless ruin in unshapen chaos, and distract no more this august and beauteous Universe.

Thus far the spirit of the West, had she a voice, sighing among the noises of machinery and the screaming of steam-whistles, not for a place to think, for there is room enough, but for the liberty of thought and fancy's flight, would echo the protest, meant uprightly, but expressed with heedless heat, against an age irreverent of aught but transient and material good.

If it be of little moment whether or not men be on the way towards Heaven, if they can but cross the ocean in a week ; if Art must yield her provinces to the sharp, colored outlines of Geology, resembling rainbows exploded usefully into heaps

of disorderly and awkward angles ; if the affluence of Eternity can suggest no Epic or Dramatic cadences, because men have no time to be inspired by other muses than can sing statistics, or descriptions so exquisite that it shall be harder to see the picture of the mazy verses than to follow the shyest differential sign through starry labyrinths of space ; if it is to be a traveller's chief object here to know the cost, color, and dimensions of a flaming steamer, plying up and down the Mississippi, glorious for wrecks, until her turn shall come to explode magnificently, or to die breathing fire, to begin again and continue longer, — or to estimate the exact quantity of water pouring over Niagara in a minute, and to apply a measuring-line to the most striking points of view ; or if people are to travel in the old hemisphere in the sunlight and shadow of nature and of history, using their perception only, unmindful that the chief use of the voices and of the visible splendors of the globe is to widen and deepen reflection, to refine the imagination, and to fasten the tendrils of the soul more closely to the Throne above ; if the surveyor of the line of a projected railroad is to be the highest reach of man ; if Heaven

itself is to be set forth as a noisy Paradise, where sublimated ship-builders and engineers contrive and effect their plans to the minstrelsy of chanting saws and warbling locomotives ; if classical times, or any ages of mental splendor, are to be laughed at, because no iron tracks were then spread over the earth, the veins of a more easy than exalted life, or vessels, shaped like winged wedges, to cut the surface of the ocean swiftly, or to sink, if they must, gently and conveniently ; if victorious yachts are to enjoy ovations, and toiling scholars to be denounced as idlers ; if that is to be emblazoned as the holiest miracle of time, which subjected plebeian, dingy coals to such inspiring heat that they were just ready to turn, shrieking with the fiery pain, to white, angelic diamonds ; if it is to be the fortieth article of faith, that the House of Glass, though taken down, will be put together again, and be transported visibly by seraphic battalions, clad, for compliment's sake, in the attire of all nations, to the fairest island of the blest, to amaze for ever the illuminated saints, who consider ornamental furniture superior to intellectual grace or spiritual beauty ; if every flower of the spirit is to be with-

ered by the deadly day of energy intent on lifeless things ; — then welcome again the lunar splendor, moving orbs, and golden suns of night.

From east to west, from west to east, may the resistance to usurping powers grow, until the true sovereignty shall regain her rightful throne and sceptre. Then, after a century of longer pupillage, the imagination here shall be ready to exalt her pinions to the Sun, and more appreciative thanks shall be felt and given for the intangible but precious dowries that now sustain the new world's mental life. For

Whoe'er shall o'er the snowy Andes roam,  
Shall find Cervantes near those heights at home.  
No name of splendor shines upon the page  
Of Spain, diffusing light from age to age,  
But there, enthroned o'er vales of beauty, lives,  
And with the majesty of nature strives.

So he, whose ashes, guarded well, repose  
Near where the illustrious Avon's current flows,  
Is not his native land's alone ; — his name  
For that, for this, for the whole world we claim.  
Men's souls, true magnets, his attraction know ;  
Cold hearts, submissive to his ardor, glow ;

Sad spirits aloft with his wings gaily soar ;  
Scholars prefer his voice to Roman lore ;  
The sober quaff his full and lively cup ;  
His silvery tones make Mammon to look up.  
The bank of reason ; treasury of sense ;  
Imagination's empire ; fancy's tents ;  
The fire of eagles' sight ; eyes of the dove ;  
The passions' armory ; the bowers of love ;  
Reflection's temple ; nature and the world,  
Standards of light upon man's march unfurled ;—  
His willing cadences such duties serve ;  
Faint, weary wills his liberal muses nerve ;  
Motives, in hosts, coursing, like eagles, high  
In the horizon of humanity,  
Wheel their swift, thronging flight his presence  
near,  
The inciting, glorious melodies to hear,  
Which, sovereign bard, he sings, enthroned sublime,  
To nations listening in the halls of Time.

Many, who ne'er a royal crown have seen,  
Attend the Court held by the Faery Queen,  
Where spread the holy rays from Una's face,  
The chosen mirror of most saintly grace ;

While valiant knights press to the martial hall,  
To answer, each, to memory's shrill roll-call.  
Triumphs of honor and of valor won,  
Fair deeds of goodness, wrongs and errors done,  
The moral virtues which in man should dwell,  
Their lessons teach, in falls of music, well.

Glow thick, bright leaves of Transatlantic bays  
With laurels offered to his worthy praise,  
Whose spirit, bereft of its organic sight,  
Coursed, like yon Sun, in more ethereal light,  
Visions sublime as those of prophets saw,  
Or those when thunders heralded the Law.  
Before him oped the gates of God's abode ;  
And glaring spheres unblest perspectives showed.  
His wand anew made sinless Eden spring,  
And o'er unruly Chaos set a King,  
Conducted seraphs to converse with man,  
Ere from chief help his bitterest woe began,  
Summoned to the ear adoring minstrelsies,  
And choral sounds of hissing blasphemies,  
Depicted every archangelic grace,  
Satan's defiant and malignant face,  
Made hearts beat quick, portraying fearfully  
The Trinal Throne of Trinal Deity.



His well-wrought temple throughout time shall be  
The home on earth of heavenly harmony,  
Till o'er the globe no floods of wrong shall pour,  
Till men benighted see the dawn once more,  
And when their errors shall to naught have waned,  
Breathe life divine in Paradise Regained.  
Would that men ever lived, content, like him,  
Dear sight to feel to beauteous nature dim,  
Hearts broken, too, by contumely intense,  
Through fervent work in Liberty's defence.

The bold, untutored tinker's regal beams  
The sleeping soul awake with dawning dreams,  
Through iron bars glowing the way to show,  
How shackled hearts may truest freedom know ;  
How men of grief may be with gladness blest,  
And pilgrims weary reach a place of rest ;  
How falls repeated may give strength to fly,  
And rivers dark lead upward to the sky ;  
How to the poor may richest boons be given,  
And sons of earth inherit holy Heaven.

Here no renowned and ancient Abbey springs,  
Where Fame exultant spreads her golden wings



O'er names of those who nobly lived, or died,  
The sons of Britain, but the whole earth's pride,  
Yet many a one who ne'er may see that shrine  
To what in man is nearest to divine,  
Nor thoughtful o'er its honored pavement stroll,  
May have a "poet's corner" in his soul,  
And storied names and deeds of glory there  
May presence more than memory's record share.

Here pensive tears from many eyes are shed  
O'er the sad name of Missolonghi's dead,  
Grieving so soon was quenched his brilliant ray,  
So early set his intellectual day.  
His home ancestral, desolate, intertwined  
With splendors heavenly bright, set forth his mind.  
Not broken wholly by time's constant flood,  
That stately, old, and hallowed structure stood.  
Various benignant graces there allied,  
Dispensing beauty, ranged on every side,  
Till crumbling walls to tempered glory grew ;  
Windows, once stained with every holy hue,  
Now richly shone with sober stains of time  
And verdure mixed, emblazoned by the prime.  
In corridors, low, suppliant echoes still  
There seemed to breathe, sonorous chimes to fill

The measured air abroad ; again the shrine  
Summoned the worship of the time benign,  
When to the gorgeous chapel's roof ascended  
The choral hymns with clouds of incense blended.  
As if the poet's very soul had known  
A glorious life, which since afar had flown,  
It now, renouncing former sacred use,  
Resigned to revelry's unkind abuse,  
Subdued the passions' yoke of fire to wear,  
The kneeling, lowly heart most wanting there,  
Inspiring, noble in its ruins, showed  
Likeness to that once consecrate abode.  
On such must woes in heavy numbers press,  
Too much distraught for household tenderness.

Rightly he knew his art's true province well,  
Less with the outward universe to dwell,  
Than man's informing nature to rehearse,  
Less inventories to compose in verse  
Of flowers, as if the fragrant textures frail  
Were to be offered plausibly for sale,  
Or to frame timid couplets soft to cheer  
And please a pensive maiden's twilight ear,  
Than to man's conscious, eager sight to bring  
His beating heart, its energies to sing.

Hence, tho' with grievous wrongs and woes beset,  
He holds his firm, majestic station yet,  
Hence, searching eyes can find no worthier one,  
To fill the five, that Chaucer's name begun.

Sank suddenly a graceful spirit to sleep,  
Beneath Italia's angry, frowning deep,  
Who, thoughtful o'er the mysteries of life,  
Turned sunny youth to stern, discursive strife,  
To solve the reason, in a world so fair,  
Of evil, cankering, darkening all the air.  
Striving in vain to see the cause apart  
From deep perversion of man's wayward heart,  
Upon his doubting way he wandered far  
Beyond the radiance of the eastern star,  
And gasped his life away, too soon again  
To find the path of surest faith for men.  
He wrought and erred, desiring human good ;  
Let mercy trust, that, rising o'er the flood,  
He dazzled out his unbelieving night  
In sudden brightness of unending light.  
The more a man is he who seeks for day,  
Than he who sighs not for Truth's open way ;  
An erring mind may be by grace forgiven,  
A stagnant soul can have no place in Heaven.

Others, with life's full, genial compass blest,  
Like setting suns, yet linger in the West.  
The living bards may seas of blessing lave ;  
May brightest dew's adorn the mountain grave,  
And fragrances perennial bless the bowers,  
Where contemplation ruled the tranquil hours ;  
May the glad music of the running brook,  
The gaily rustling leaves that on it look,  
The merry birds, joyous cascades, unite  
A strain of sorrow in their full delight  
For him who used, with thoughtful feet, to press  
The paths of earth's secluded loveliness.  
May wafted memories of a peaceful life,  
Remotely spent afar from constant strife,  
Blessing the air, for ages long endure.  
May every figured thought, exalted, pure,  
Refresh the heart, stifled by earthly dust,  
And brush away obscuring, sordid rust.  
May the sure presence of a right intent  
Sorrow allay that vigor was not bent,  
With zeal more urgent, and with impulse bold,  
To grasp man's heart, and keep the nervous hold.

May the time past suffice for deeming man  
The mere appurtenance to nature's plan,

When, without him, Creation's wide domain  
Is but a waste of beauty spread in vain.  
To be the fixture of this large estate  
Answers not man's divinely ordered fate :  
When earth began, he was its viceroy made,  
And so shall be, until the earth shall fade :  
For man were lifted these high azure walls ;  
For man were garnished these mosaic halls ;  
For man melodious voices here are heard ;  
For man sprang order at the Maker's word.  
Not in the dusky distance meant to stand,  
Man claims the foreground from the painter's hand,  
Not Nature's menial, but her titled guest,  
With fadeless orders glancing on his breast.  
'T is not the time to adore the varied gleams  
Of lakes and mounts, of stars and tidal streams,  
When living souls of living men repine  
For the quick, living touch of fire divine ;  
Or life derived, an idol, to revere,  
When that life's spring, the living God, is near.  
The subtile law of space, where'er it flows,  
Claims not to be the Sovereignty, but shows  
Itself the mirrored force, the shade to be,  
The ethereal minister of Deity.  
Hence not for homage has erected been  
This vast cathedral, but to worship in ;

The rays which o'er its domes and altars gleam  
Are symbols, not the soul, of Power Supreme.

May the new, strenuous world and cultured old  
With every year more vigorously hold  
Each other, firmly hearty hands retain,  
Binding around the voluntary chain.  
Though civil bonds roughly sharp swords may  
    sever,  
May ties of loyal mind endure for ever,  
And every heart with joy due honors pay  
To England, empress of our mental day,  
The favorite isle of all that billows know,  
The shining lamp where nations learn to glow,  
For glorious years, as she hath been, to be  
The Mount of Light, caged in the northern sea.

But many noisy teachers of Young America,  
friends of Epicurus, who, were he now alive,  
would not be seen reposing in the shade, from  
dawn to sunset, listening to music, and fanned  
by fragrant airs, but rather, seated in his damask  
easy-chair, in a spacious and elaborately furnished  
hall, would gaze throughout the day on lively,  
painted plans of new steamers, of clipper ships, and  
of crystal palaces; — these teachers who carefully

instruct infants in the chemical mysteries of acids and alkalies, when they prefer to know less theoretically of sweets, — who would eagerly turn universities into schools of the profits, and snatch the sceptres from Homer and David, to melt them into current coin, — who think that a nation has no more need of a literature, than, in their view, the universe has of a God, since the only divinity for whom they can see any use in this world or in any other is one who can inspire men with the desire and the way to gain the most riches in the shortest time ; — these teachers would persuade Young America that the architects of crystal palaces above called forward to testify to the value of the heart of man, now in fearful peril of forgetfulness, were but indolent outlaws, the pests of the state, worthy of no honor except from the bewildered visionaries who consider them as the true milestones of a nation's progress, the sighs incarnate of the moving ages, and who point to crumbled empires, which have in such persons their chief titles to remembrance ; since the great modern empire believes that it would have been better for the world had they never been born. As easily might the fruits of the earth be ripened under the cool benign-

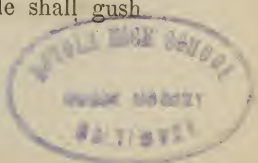


nity of an iceberg as large as the sun, and in its place, as the immortal fruits of song grow to full, luxuriant maturity in this icy air. The earth must feel airy heat, before it glows with beauty. The muses never pitch their tents on frozen seas.

These instructors find something to respect even in the Middle Ages, — the search for the mysterious power to turn coarse materials to gold. Recent centuries have applied the secret ; and, in various quarters of the globe, establishments have been provided for the transmuting process. The men whose eyes grew dim and their heads bald, while they searched every nook of the world of science for the precious principle, meant less to bend it to worldly uses than to discover a mighty force of nature ; and they were not conscious that the agency which they sought with weary pain was already in their minds, and guided their hands ; for it was not less or more than Speculation, which, in these later ages, transferred from ideal provinces to the field of life, is fast subduing the solid globe to gold. Human hands, presses, saws, hammers, wheels, steam, carbonic and electric fire, gases, light, forests, rivers, substances, and ethereal properties have been



changed by the magical fingers of this speculation to tangible and heavy gold. Most of the crucibles are coarse, but some are delicate and large enough to hold life's amenities, courtesies, and loves, laws, learning, the arts, sciences, philosophies, governments, social policies, the hopes of good on earth and heavenly bliss, — and these diverse things, melted by the hot zeal of speculation, come forth a translucent stream of beautiful, profitable gold. There is reason to think that Young America, living where the practice of this alchemy is most assiduous, pays no hearty allegiance to the creed, that the only Deity is Mammon and his only Prophet gold, and but waits, until his heart shall beat more freely, until the eagle that he loves to see shall lend the fire of his eye, and until his arm shall knit its strength together, that he may put forth his gathered force, which ten thousand engineerings shall not make to swerve, and, shrinking St. George's conquering might to the feeble quivering of an infant's arm, to grapple with the Dragon-Creed ; and that, having struck down his beastly shape, he may trample on his sordid neck, until the howling brute shall cast upward unconscious, dying eyes, while shall gush



forth his nauseous blood, and the earth shall drink in, with mingled grief and joy, the loved libation which she first infused with life into the monster's veins.

Young America is also taught to deride, as proofs of a vain and dark superstition, those movements in the Holy Land, the chief glory of the Middle Ages, which have not been shaded, since, in import or in magnanimity, however greatly in final success, by any conflicts whatsoever, and which, by nerving the spirit of resistance which turns defeats to victories, may have ultimately spared, not only Europe, but even this broad continent, from the conquering march of the Arabian Imposture. Columbus might have been born a Mohammedan. But

The conflicts in the Holy Land,  
To rescue from the usurper's hand  
The sacred Sepulchre, may then  
More justly valued be by men,  
When shall an aim sublimer break,  
Like dawn, and Christendom awake,  
Whence Tiber, doubly classic, flows,  
To where o'er northern Isis glows

The Cross, and e'en to Russia's snows, —  
When these, with learned Germany,  
And Santiago's earnest cry,  
Greece, with ecclesiastic fame,  
Decking the lustre of her name,  
The brawny North, chivalric France,  
The youthful Western Eagle's glance,  
Each Power in either hemisphere  
That holds the Christian title dear,  
As guardians shall the Faith defend,  
And wisely zeal and purpose blend,  
And then for ever shall expel  
The Crescent of the Infidel,  
The usurping symbol which bestows  
Its insult where blest Siloah flows,  
And shall to Christian rule restore  
The land, where poured the Cross before  
Abroad its sacred streams of light,  
To guide the nations through the night.  
May brave demands of Christian men,  
Not flashing arms, be potent then,  
And victory bless a still Crusade  
Of Christian Truth and Christian Aid.  
When shall be gained the priceless boon, —  
May Heavenly Goodness haste it soon ! —

The too long sundered East and West,  
No more by variance hard oppressed,  
Saint Peter's majesty transformed  
By holier patterns, nobly warmed  
With better zeal, and thus allied  
With Saint Sophia's purified,  
If not by fervent scourge of cords,  
By resolute, unyielding words,  
Saint Paul's, the northern star and tower,  
Granting due measure of her power,  
The great divisions, Wesleyan,  
Genevan, with the Lutheran,  
All Christendom, renouncing wrong  
And errors which to schism belong,  
Shall to the blessed Triune Name  
Mingle in joy a full acclaim.  
Then in no cities secular,  
Not in the halls of Constantine,  
Not in the city of the Czar,  
Not Cæsar's lordly Rome within,  
Not in the isle of Saxon light,  
Not in the land of Saxon might,  
But in Jerusalem alone,  
Shall they the Holy Faith enthrone,  
That from Mount Zion's height may shine

Radiance benignant, full, divine,  
While shall all tongues and realms obey  
The sceptre of the Church, whose sway  
The central sun of grace shall be,  
Till Time becomes Eternity,  
Till trembling Nature's strength shall fail,  
And suns and stars grow faint and pale,  
Dying to gain celestial birth  
And usher in New Heavens and Earth.

More recent Crusades have taken place, of which the New World has been the stage, to procure from the rocky sepulchres of the earth the chief foe of salvation, a mineral more precious than the "price of blood" which occasioned the armed pilgrimages to Palestine. In these later movements the sons of Spain have been pioneers, and have borne the chief part. The prizes of their adventurous valor were vast regions, rich in gold and silver, in tropical fruits, in the splendors of perennial Spring, in atmospheres of luxurious mildness, in serenest valleys and in highest mountains, in islands as fair as the fairest visions of the fancy, in fertile plains, higher than many lofty peaks across the sea, beneath skies as blue as the

ocean, in bounteous streams, in new varieties of grain, in forests of interwoven growth untouched by the hand of man since the first green blade sprang up at the inspiring breath of Heaven, in pastures where flocks need no shelter, but can graze quietly through the burning hours of the sun and beneath the soft effusion of the stars, in birds of so various and brilliant plumage, that one might imagine the very bow of promise that spans the earth, to prove the blessedness of showers, since their fatal day, to have become instinct with vocal life, and to send up, with fluttering ecstasy of hues and motions, a congregation of winged harmonies, to mingle with the singing orbs above, in the resounding chorus of creation. These estates of beauty and of profit, the discovery and improvement of which were the glory of Spain, and the chief wonder of the time, have since passed from the hands of their first conquerors into the hands of victorious revolvers, except one, the last insulated witness, testifying that consuming draughts of avarice, sweet to the taste, but bitter to the heart, are the surest mode of suicide for nations. Portions of the affluent paradise thus eagerly won and long retained, have come, through independence and

defeat in a war of neighbors, into the power of a race of men, who seem bent to fulfil what their emigrating ancestors lacked of the lust of conquest, even at the risk of being impelled by motives to which their fathers would have applied the old legal phrase, the instigation of the Devil.

If eloquence is rightly to be judged by its effect, it is worth an inquiry, whether in the records of human speech can be found an instance of oratory more effective than the simple announcement of the wealth of California made by the enthusiastic Peter the Hermit, who inspired the last Crusade to the paradise of gold, which, alluring Spanish adventure across oceans, mountains, the rapids of rivers, and burning plains, through thick, dark forests, receded, after brief glimpses, from eye and hand, until, like a coquette, wearied with ever encouraging, ever denying eager suitors, and fearful, as they grew less, of final neglect, yielded at last to be won incidentally in no direct search of the prize. That personage exemplified Demosthenic action, for while his lips proclaimed abroad the blessing to the world, his busy hands showed emphatically forth his meaning, while he procured for himself a due share of the sacred deposit. With



these lively, significant movements, the brains, hands, and feet of the community felt a vehement sympathy. As the highest sign of eloquence is, that men think and talk earnestly of the ideas which they have heard, more than of their rhetorical attire, this herald bore a wonderful likeness to the great Athenian, the noblest comment on whose skill was the determination to march against Philip. This crowded steamer, and others larger, prove how efficient was that cry of joy, when vast numbers of listening Americans looked into each others' faces, and shouted, "Let us go for the gold!" Thus began the Crusade, in which Democratic Sovereignities alone partake, and of which the secondary results will very greatly outweigh the best special success.

This migratory current is shown to be not wholly mercenary by the large number of young men whom it conveys from shore to shore. Others, indeed, no longer young, may have submitted to the tide from motives the most upright and honorable; the experiences of life may soften as well as harden the heart, and the selfish coldness seen in a score of years may melt into genial kindness when three times that period have fled. Never-

theless, in the code of poetical justice the miserly blight is ever imputed rather to the yellow than to the ripening grain. Any social or political movement which eminently attracts the presence of youth, must have some characteristic really noble, or which skilfully counterfeits nobleness. Usually, it is not until gray lines begin to appear upon the head, that people join that congregation of ardent worshippers, who pray inwardly, if not with their lips, for the coming of the blessed millennium, when sentiment and magnanimity shall be discarded as outlaws from human affairs, and when the world shall be given over to the tender mercies of Political Economy, that demon from the pit, that would gladly tear up, as pernicious weeds, every fragrant charity that blooms in the garden of life. Youth has many qualities of note. For instance,

Known is it well, that castles in the air  
 Chiefly are built by youth, and are a kind  
 Of architecture much decried as vain  
 By blatant dulness, and as of no order,  
 Except it be disorder ; — for all that,  
 Castles in the air may often rightly claim  
 Abundant honor, when the hearty will

Strives earnestly to make the cloudy forms  
Substantial ones on earth : for who can point  
To any firm, enduring monument  
Of Art, of Power, of Good, that was not first  
Simply a tottering castle in the air ?  
The theory of the renowned La Place,  
Whether it answer the true mode or not  
Of starry mechanism, figures at least  
How airy atoms of Invention grow  
To solid spheres of Facts, which, set on high,  
Like suns beneficent, illumine and guide  
The circling ages. On full many a spirit  
Have rested, like vows registered in heaven,  
The duty and the purpose to achieve  
Some manly thing before its latest breath.  
Observant of this brave, mastering intent,  
In still abstracting hours, specks of design  
May have been sown in fields of air ;  
It could not be foreseen at first what shapes,  
In time's advance, the nebulous germs would  
take.  
Labor and thought, those faithful artisans,  
Standing in stead for every plan of men,  
May have concentrated and moulded them  
To revelations of new continents,

Or of organic, primal laws, deduced  
From chaos of the vast unknown  
By the resolving chaos of the mind,  
Finding at length consummate order most,  
In its constructive self and worlds without,  
Where roughest, dark confusion seemed to dwell,  
Or to decisive victories of Truth  
O'er Error's legions, or of Liberty  
O'er hosts of tyrant's hirelings, — to Statues,  
Paintings magnificent, Temples sublime  
Outliving races of meek worshippers, —  
Or to Imperial diadems of gold,  
Or to Pontifical tiaras, or  
Dramatic constellations, Epic suns.  
How drearily the world would on have rolled,  
Making its annual journey, and how like  
A penance would the life of man have been,  
Had God no other charioteers e'er given  
Than imitative men. Visions of youth,  
Although greatly disdained and set at naught,  
Have oft exactly been fulfilled ; and then  
The merry scorers looked more grave, and sued  
Humbly for peace, and through their lives thence-  
forth  
Obeyed the bidding of the theorists.

More beneficial to their day and race  
Have the derided visionaries been,  
Than all the vapid satirists of time,  
Who laugh at building castles in the air,  
Which, being the calling on which others turn,  
The spring of action and the guide of toil,  
Justly may busy those who cannot live  
To serve their private benefit alone.

To shaping airy forms of future plans  
The hours of youth are not confined. The gift  
On youth may be conferred, no quality  
Stolen from heaven, the true Promethean fire,  
Determined toil, which, to the hardest flints  
Turning the clods of earth, can strike from them  
And the hard iron of the strenuous will  
Undying sparks, like brothers of the stars,  
Those sparks of gorgeous fire, struck by the hand  
Of God from chaos, to give light to men,  
And show the true divinity of toil.  
Toil gives to rude machines both eyes and hands,  
To see and do its will, ploughs fields of space  
And the swift ways of time with elements  
Obedient to the yoke ; toil interweaves  
Smooth words and rough in golden cloth of song,

And marshals bricks in Pyramids that keep  
Boldly their ground, on the chessboard  
Of war gains earnest victories, gently  
From the earth draws harvests up, from hands of  
kings

With might unanimous Great Charters wrings,  
Turns stony quarries into gossamer,  
That, lifted high, looks e'en too frail to hold  
A weary bird, yet not by blasts of ages  
Blown away. Toil freedom wins in conflicts hard,  
Then on the freed soil builds up Commonwealths,  
The walls of Error batters with Truth's wand,  
And Christian temples rears in Pagan lands.  
The rod of labor from the solid rock  
Can call refreshing deeds to strengthen men.  
Such is the miracle, and varied more,  
Vouchsafed to toil, man's guardian and his guide.

Youth is life's Eden, where young, hovering joys  
Flutter with golden wings, where warbling hopes  
Attune the spicy air, where showered dews  
Of myriad fancies pearly splendors cast  
O'er flowery paths, where lucid founts of thought  
Pour glancing rills abroad, where arbors throw  
A frequent, pleasing shade, where sunny vales

With harvests glow of present sweet delights,  
While o'er each hill the entrancing future dawns.  
Oft sudden mists arise and veil the sun,  
And tears attest man's heritage begun.  
Amidst the abounding beauty lurks the foe,  
Who can soft names and airs serene assume.  
Oft is some Eve the root of evil, or  
As oft the fairest, choicest good that breathes.  
The dwellers here long for the hastening hour,  
When they shall leave this transient Paradise ;  
And, when it comes, with joyous steps and free  
They run to reach the moving crowd before,  
Which having o'ertaken, and the newness gone,  
Panting and sad they strive again to taste  
The treasure left behind unprized, — in vain,  
Unless the hope of an immortal youth  
The heart shall lift above its sea of care,  
And gardens of unfading love and bliss  
Alluring fragrance breathe throughout the air.

In early years quick, startled thoughts arise  
At every rustling noise which Nature makes,  
As on her sleepless guard she walks her rounds.  
The sun, in triumph journeying from the east,  
The captive Queen of Night, secured by chains,



Downcast and pacing with slow feet afar  
Behind his flaming chariot, the band  
Of subject warriors following her sad steps,  
Attired in twinkling robes, hold fast the sight  
Of childhood, wondering whence the bright ones  
came.

The changing vesture of the advancing hours,  
From the soft, rosy richness of the morn,  
To the proud, jewelled splendor of the noon,  
Then to the gold brocade of sunset time,  
To twilight's robes of matron comeliness,  
To night's dark velvet, with its glistening pearls,  
The brilliant singing-birds, perfumes of flowers,  
The flying insects, the white, falling snow,  
The bubbling drops of rain, the jagged lines  
Of lightning, the besieging thunder's crash  
Against the sky's dark fortresses, excite  
Mysterious questions which the child solves not.  
The shade of grief, a bitter glance or frown,  
An infant's face, answering each loving smile,  
Tears, voices, looks, the name of Deity,  
The wayside incidents of life, awake  
Early reflection, but the after strife  
Stifles the powers reflective in the most,  
Until the inexorable usher comes,

And, calling out each name in turn, opens  
 The sombre portals of the boundless halls,  
 Where souls must enter in with bending awe,  
 And think for ever.

Youth may be borne o'er seas  
 Where harpies of the mad, vindictive winds  
 Excite the waves to foaming rage,  
 To lands where trampling crowds toil and make  
     merry  
 O'er graves of Empires. Beneath arches high  
 Of the great edifice which Time has built  
 To keep his treasures from oblivion's air  
 A little while, youth to the tones  
 Which that swift architect, touching the keys  
 Of History's organ with his fingers cold,  
 Brings to the ears of men, listens attent.  
 Ever and variously those notes resound.  
 Now are they chants of worship, wailings now  
 O'er ravages of famine, plague, or war,  
 And now the clangor loud, that calls pale cheeks  
 To battle, to be flushed with angry zeal  
 In the thick fight, exultant strains of peace,  
 The song of triumph o'er defeated foes,  
 Sweet pastoral melodies on mountain-sides,

The sighs of trampled men beneath the strides  
Of hard Ambition's unrelenting march ;  
The martyr's faithful and triumphant song  
In flames that kiss, like Judas, to destroy ;  
Voices of men turned frantic fiends to hurl  
The globe's best works to ruin ; laughing scorn  
At a weak nation's lowly plea for right ;  
Outrage of subjects 'gainst a tyrant's crime ;  
A people's thanks to a deliverer given ;  
Freedom's glad symphonies, that softly breathe  
Contentment, peace, allegiance to good laws,  
Valor in causes just, and hope in God.

O'er ridges of the past, youth looks on ranks  
Of shadowy kings, on gorgeous capitals  
Forsaken, upon realms once full of men,  
Where beasts now stalk o'er broken palaces ;  
On armies great to battle's clarion deaf,  
To start from their still camps alone when called  
To gather on a field where more than crowns  
And kingdoms are at stake, — their once bright  
swords

Now black with rust, and engineeries decayed,  
And the arms that wielded them retreated now  
Into strongholds of frail and feeble dust ;

On towers that challenged time's assault, and fell,  
Unequal to the persevering fight ;  
On shrines to idols, built by people false  
To truth and law, and holy temples too,  
Whose roofs of gold dazzled the sun, prostrate  
By power retributive for daily guilt ;  
On sages who would solve life's mysteries,  
Gone, with their systems, to solve death itself ;  
On mounts, where the ancient deities no more  
In council meet ; on sciences displaced  
By waves of further knowledge ; upon robes  
Of fashion, with their wearers, laid aside ;  
On hopes fulfilled, and, with their fruitage,  
wrecked,  
And ghosts of fears, that worked their ill and  
died ;  
On states crumbled by busy minutes, ants  
That help and break man's firmest structures  
here.

And now a sun uprising showers such beams,  
That startled youth looks up and sees the heights  
Of future time crowned with the radiance new ;  
Past ills to glorious blessings there give way,  
To be, perchance, such curses, in their turn,

As have distracted men ; the paths of life,  
O'er emerald slopes, like threads of silver, wind,  
With a rich garniture of roses lined, —  
The blended hues seem conscious of delight, —  
Yet may the paths be found, on trial, rough,  
The colored rays but painted on the air ;  
Each cliff is burnished with a golden light ;  
Peace, plenty, brotherhood, life's graces, there  
Live blest and blessing ; there no despots rule ;  
Nations sustain each other in the right ;  
No reigns of Terror charity affright,  
No reigns of Indolence have ushered them,  
For royal sluggishness a crime may be,  
So expiated that e'en Time severe  
Might stay his flight to drop a pitying tear ; —  
No armies of their captains emperors make,  
Good-will to men is owned the rule supreme.

Youth counts on living such good days to see,  
Which, when they seem in beauty to have  
    dawned,  
Sadden the heart, so soon upon the sight  
Delusion spreads the shadows of her night ;  
The golden light is seen but shining mist ;  
Foul wrong is robed in liberty's attire ;

And kings rule roughly, though without the name ;  
Brothers, in sport, are equal brothers called ;  
Nations aid nations, mainly to secure  
The largest portion of the common gain ;  
While policies, not principles, prevail,  
And right and duty have no friends at court ;  
The progress hoped and toiled for is not made,  
A few short steps, but not the journey sought ; —  
Actions defeated by reactions, till  
From agonies and struggles hard result  
A few small scales of gold from heaps of ore,  
A few small pearls by myriad divers won,  
A few small spots of green in deserts great,  
A cup of water after seas of blood.  
But inch by inch, most wearily, toils on  
Humanity to reach her final crown.

In mounts, the veterans of the tempests' wars,  
Youth sees earth's noblest majesty portrayed,  
And in the voices of the cataract,  
And of the white, ungovernable sea,  
Hears nature's deepest music, while is felt  
The breathing of strange presences in groves.  
Thus musing on the verge that nature keeps  
Of high, unknown infinity, youth walks,

As with the attendance of a guardian spirit,  
Among the monuments of human power,  
Deriving deeper wisdom from the search  
Of works of man by light from works of God,  
And deeper wisdom still from lamps divine  
At holy altars lit.

Attended thus,  
Youth ponders on the famed historic plains,  
Where dynasties played their last stakes for life,  
And bold Ambition for one victory more,  
But lost the sceptre which it owned before.  
In stars for ever beautiful and young  
Youth sees its perpetuity set forth ;  
Youth fears instinctively the lonely dark, —  
Not what it knows of causes makes it bold.  
Youth notes the kinds and qualities of men  
In tones, in looks, in acts, in choice of words ;  
From fields of nature and of life youth reaps  
Full sheaves of observation, to supply  
The granaries of age with memory's food ;  
The hare youth captures for the feast of age.  
Imaginations, loves, sorrows, delights,  
Aims, efforts, blessings, music, laughs with  
friends,  
Precious, inspiring words from lips revered,



The hopes of worlds where snows ne'er chill the  
year, —

Youth keeps these all to exalt the heart, when  
falls

No more the dew of fresh and early joy.

The liveliness of youth by chance infused

Into old menses of conservatism,

Seething o'er furnaces made fiery hot

By the fierce breath of men, is quick to make

Its presence felt. Sometimes youth, restive  
grown,

Tears up old governments, old boots in which

Nations have walked until their feet are sore,

Old documents, full of dead letters, or

Of what should be, and leaves the broken pieces

For careful age to make up o'er again,

If so it can, or if it fail, then youth

Supplies materials good for structures new ;

Or youth may put its vigor forth to hold

The trembling columns of the state upright,

Which else might fall disastrously, and be

In ruins anarchy or tyranny.

The young men on deck, though ready to defend their country, or to fulfil her aggressive des-

tiny on the fields, forts, or wooden walls of war, have now less directly in view to overturn or to strengthen commonwealths, than to advance each his individual good. Since benefits unconsciously conferred are often the greatest, private success may aid the State as much as the most intentional patriotism. The wish to die for one's country, boldly expressed before the trumpet sounds for battle, may be less efficient than a quiet patriotism that thinks it possible to love one's country, without making a spasmodic fuss about it at all times ; and, since the action of the government cannot always excuse a want of personal thrift and attention, if the chimney of the kitchen takes fire, an unrepaired defect in that vehicle of smoke and supererogatory flame may be as likely to be the cause of the trouble as an Act of Congress.

Hard as it would be to define the diversity of motives contained in the general design to advance personal fortune, it is true that some of those on deck have been allured, by the fascination of Californian wealth, from places which, tried by the new, golden standard of prosperity, appeared to be of slow and meagre profit, in the hope to occupy their

energy in wider fields and those more quickly and plentifully fertile, to be found either in the mineral districts or in the commercial wants of the new population ; while others, having striven in vain, though long and earnestly, for posts of duty answering to their eagerness and strength, and wearied by the fretting chains of vigor impatient for due and appropriate exertion, resolve to enter the lists of competing toil in the new settlement, which, like the new election of a President, is regarded with prophetic joy, as affording lucrative niches for the winning side. In the history of others, reasonable hopes have been darkened and chilled by frequent and full eclipses ; and in the chalice of disappointment, ever pressing upon the lips, were mingled the bitterness of the past, the coldness of the present, and the blackness of the future ; but at length, even in their disconsolate ears, the enlivening angel of resolution whispered the making of one trial more to launch their hitherto disheartened labors on a brighter sea. Some, for the strangeness and excitement mainly, have renounced for a while the ceremonial law of fashion, and the inane or even the real urbanities of the drawing-room, or the splendid or ludicrous attire of

the masquerade, for the less dainty and more homely manners of the mines. Thus, even delegates from the upper ten thousand (for the lucky phrase has become a part of the people's English) of the metropolis are ready to doff their white kids, and to press on with the crowding million in the race for gold. Others, who have never disguised their humanity in fantastic robes, ransacking the past for the strangest dresses, who have led gay feet around in the merry movements only of the rural dance, may have come hither with as warm and genial hearts as any that have beaten proudly beneath the feigned vesture of real purple and gold. In the case of others, the tendrils of exertion may have begun to fade and droop in the shade of uncongenial labor, and to give them sunshine and a freer air, that they may grow to liberal strength and graceful manliness, may have inspired departure. Sentiment, also, roughly cased it may be, but beautiful as the soft and winning decoration of Spring, may have imbathed the soul with its fragrance, until from the warm suffusion may have grown the aspiration soon to fulfil hopes of tender joy, that the days, crowned with garlands of united love and duty, may pass

hand in hand along the great highway, where every step advances, or that aged feet may have a stronger staff, and the hoary head a richer blessing. Others, having aims held in little honor in their native land, but of highest praise in older nations, who have found the avenues to the light which they desire barred against them by sightless ignorance or by sharp-eyed enmity, hardly conscious, with every effort, of making other progress than that towards the grave, which needs no special pains, and, perhaps, having passed the age when men before have gained concession of their right, consuming their hearts in hours of reflective agony, care not to what part of their vast house of bondage they may go, whether to the frozen poles or to the flowery tropics, since even little Denmark, narrow and dark a prison as it may have seemed, looks to their view like the broad, free palace of inspiring day, compared to the sullen dungeon which for them lengthens in solid gloom between the ridges of eternal, azure ice, that glare and crash in the stiff solitudes of Arctic Circles.

Some of the passengers, older as well as younger, have counted the cost of the undertaking, as

well as common report and the experiences of others have enabled them to do; and, having weighed the exposures of health and life, the chances and results of failure, with the comforts and conveniences of success, they show by their presence here the turning of the scales. Others, overwhelmed by disaster in affairs, are eager to make amends with fortune, where the dispiriting pressure of the past shall not smother each timid purpose and reviving struggle. The downcast eye looks up, and sees better visions; the heart beats more freely and lightly; the foot is more conscious of its right to press manfully the earth; the breast forbears the weary sighs of repining, and heaves with renovating and expanding aims.

As, often, the spring of bravery, long and far renowned, is manly sorrow, mourning over thwarted hopes and fleeing from the foe that mines busily at the heart, to stand unterrified before the open storm of war, — some may also press to a land of nearly insane activity, that not in still, cold waters, but rather in the fiery ardor, of oblivion, may be lost the unspoken woe, which arms the memory with swords, and makes reflection madness.



Others have not been allured by vivid fancies of easy and sudden gains, but, daily tortured by the craving instances of those who vowed to be theirs "for richer, for poorer," they have forsaken homes which affliction, instead of wealth, may visit, while sordid wishes may yield too late to unavailing grief. Others, on the other hand, have set at naught dissuasive tears, tender remonstrances, the sunshine of true hearts, the dew of vows sincerely spoken and believed, present happiness, and worthy hopes, being resolved, against entreaties or distresses of others, or their own, to search the rocks and sands, not fertile in affection, how rich soever in gold. Others, moved by the thorough presence of love, obeying what sounds to them as the peremptory voice of duty, forsake the kind contentments of good and happy, though narrowly provided homes, with the firm intent to act, in every place, incident, and hour, with that most blessed combination, defiant energy informed by sacred tenderness.

There is one, whose waning years are marked by his gray head, dim, ghostly eyes, and nervous tremor. Not arrayed in heavy armor, and with glittering lance, to meet his adversary at the tour-



nament, or his stern foe in battle, he is still a knight, but of Mammon's Court, worn in long, hard wars for pelf, and now going forth to put his sordid chivalry to proof in contending with the dust of earth for its small, shining particles. The alchemy of avarice has changed each motion of his soul into a thirst for gain ; and his perceptions, thus transformed, have made the very elements of nature to express his longing. Fire, the nurse of harvests in the dark chambers of their silent growth, but signifies the life and power of his vulgar ardor ; Earth, as radiant with celestial beauty as the stars, to him who sees it with illumined eyes, betokens his unspiritual aim ; Water, which makes the pastures green, and fields of tillage fertile,— that hangs brooks, shining like silver chains, upon the brows of mountains, and encircles the world with oceans and with arches of every hue,— is to him naught but the swift conveyer of deeply-laden ships ; the wide, translucent Air, that images Supernal Providence, beneficently present everywhere, denotes alone his craving spirit, that would tightly grasp and sternly hold the globe. No tender thoughts, hopes, aims, experiences, impardise his heart. His leaden soul never ascends on

the wings of thankful song, or on the ladder of devotion, to the Holy Throne. No subtile or expansive science brings to him sublime delight, save that he deigns to think it crowns the inventive wit of man to have tamed the fiery lightning to convey, with his swift, glancing traces, the rise and fall of prices. With fearful meaning, Nature is to him "a universal blank."

Not only rests a nightly shade on noblest hopes, which should be his, but the unholy spell upon his spirit is retrospective, and takes away from lovely memories their native beauty. The sportive shout, that made the very air playful with waving music, sounds in his recollecting ear like a shrill cry for gold ! gold ! The generous run, that sent the merry, winged blood flying through every vein, is changed into a scramble for unworthy pelf. Letters in the books of knowledge, losing their fair meaning, spell and decipher money. Early affections are enshrouded and invisible. The memory of youth, the sanctuary of the heart's amenities, whither, weary and worn in the dusty, besieging world, they repair awhile for a refreshing refuge, has yielded to the assault of the ruling passion of his after years, which, pressing rudely in, makes

the altar a sacrilegious throne ; and the soul thence gains no serenity for her upward flight, but a new incitement only to a low, ignoble race.

His thoughts, occupied so long upon the meanest purposes of life, should be briefly spent, at least, upon the possibility of holy dying ; but, instead, they are sent, convoyed by troops of fancies, to the far, crowded mines, and their united speed no figure can depict. He is jealous of those who have preceded him in the way, lest their gains should be his losses ; and he regards every face with rigor, as that of a designing rival. Beguiling phantoms haunt the hours of this bright day, and whisper, glare, and glide about him, holding his senses dizzied by their flashing, mazy, chattering spells ; and then they fly, leaving him imbecile and weak, as he who survives the convulsive touch of the lightning may awake and start up a vacant idiot. But this effect is transient, for again he sees outlines impalpable of golden wedges, bars, and dust, thronging the dazzled air, and now his hungry hands move every way to seize them ; but they, elusive, change to millions of angry eyes, bent full on him ; his hands shrink back

appalled, and he leans upon the side of the ship, faint with his sudden and exhausting dream in open day.

Some, whose days of misfortune have been embittered by reproaches, instead of being soothed by the allowances of tenderness, humbly submissive to the will of God, yet manly rebels against the scornful, crushing will of man, resolve to exhaust their energies in unfamiliar places, and to escape in busy, unobserving crowds the weight of bitter glances and upbraiding words.

There is the gamester, who flies, like the hawk, from land to land, from river to river, from ocean to ocean, whithersoever he perceives his prey to go. Standing slyly apart, he casts his sneering, icy eye about, as if selecting those from whom, in hours of their reckless risk, he may gain by infernal artifice the fruits of long and arduous toil. The chords of his heart, which may once have quivered with natural kindness, have become one congelation of apathy ; for, as it has been recalled to the world's mind, what is very apt to be forgotten, that the criminal convict in his cell, whom society abhors, was, years before, a smiling, prattling infant, so the professional gambler, the Ish-

maelite of civilization, whose hand is against that of every man who will engage with him, may, in rosy boyhood, have trundled his hoop, read Robinson Crusoe, and said his prayers, like good children generally.

The fair name of enterprise cannot sanctify the mere lust of gold, yet, beside the field of usual avocations opened in every newly planted state, the direct search for the precious metals may be made as honorable as any form of mediate negotiation between the mine and the coffer. Whether or not any way of wealth be manly or miserly, depends less upon the way than upon the man who has chosen and pursues it. A justly meaning man is chiefly requisite to make any calling just. Men grown opulent from plethoric usury may shake their heads, and talk like philosophers about the regular paths of industry, when their poorer neighbors, whose competence may have gone to fill their chests, talk of visiting the mines ; but positive laws, in some of the States, declare, with the heavy emphasis of pains and penalties, the way of wealth pursued by such advisers to be of a very irregular kind. When, also, divines, in churches of hewn stone made gossamer, and full of the col-

ored splendor of the light, denounce to their roseate audiences the Californian rage, the question might sometimes be pertinently put to the reverend oracles, crowned with prismatic diadems, whether rich fortunes matrimonial are among the graceful means of wealth, which justify a haughty severity of censure on God's hosts of striving poor, outside high Gothic walls. Much of the dissuasion may be most proper and timely, but it should not be spoken by such ones with arrogance and thoughtlessness.

Some daintily refined people regard a poor man as having the same relation to humanity which a poor picture has to a gallery of the Fine Arts. Of the tortures, agonies, and temptations belonging to the want of riches, they have little thought, and they look upon poverty, not as being distressing and disheartening, but simply as being ungraceful and inelegant. They wonder how any man or woman can show such a want of good taste as to be poor. In respect of the knowledge of life, they are of like mind with the royal lady of France, who advised giving the cake to the French people, when they were famishing and crying for bread. If the ills and needs of life be spoken of



in their hearing, they will allow them to be very sad, though thinking hardly of the thoughtless persons who have no more manners than to annoy their nerves with such things. Still, they have the languid charity to think that every person in misfortune has surely a reserved aid somewhere, in the cake-box or in the bank ; for they cannot imagine any person to be so completely broken on the wheel of fortune as not to have a small annuity left. At the mention of the Californian emigration, such people, of course, sneer audibly, but not so heartily as to disarrange the precision of their facial lines ; and thenceforth they discard the subject as being quite too low and democratic to divide their serious thoughts with the last imported mode of social manners or with the next new opera.

Happily for the exemplification of these royal ideas, there was detected, not long ago, in a dark, dusty corner of the great Western closet of the world, a gigantic box of cake, which had been locked up there for many ages. As soon as the discovery was made and known, multitudes of people, desiring a change of diet, without consulting monarchs, presidents, or lovers of the beautiful,



obeyed at once their sovereign impulses, and crowded away in immense steamers like this, in ships of all sizes, and almost in little boats with shingles for rudders and handkerchiefs for sails, to reach the prize and help themselves to slices, behaving in that action as moderately as their eagerness and the variety of their dispositions allowed, though rather angry, once or twice, with some covetous foreigners, who, not content with waiting for a cake-box of their own, dipped their greedy fingers into their mess.

There are no relics in California of the Old Painters or of the Old Saints, perhaps not many new representatives of either class. California has no Rhines, Arnos, Tibers, so needful for gentlemen of taste, no Alhambras, Vaticans, or Pyramids. The Coliseum, with an awning spread over the top of its encircling wall, would make a spacious inn, and a lucrative one, were its host to be some renowned projector of wonders in the realms of Art and Nature ; but that is not there, and nothing looks like it there ; and no Archimedes can be found, to devise the conveyance of the structure over two oceans and a sea, and around Cape Horn, where such a Leviathan of sinking sub-

stance might easily founder in a storm ; nor would the famous Mr Paxton undertake to transport the bulk which, had it been made of glass, would have been shivered by the arrows of the Vandals, even though the state, grateful for the increase of its lodging resources, should confer upon him, beside a solid reward, the rights and honors of the American order of the flashing spread eagle of sunset ; a token of approval more strange, if less to be prized, than the surname of knighthood, destined to be his, and which would be worthily bestowed, but more gracefully, if, at the same time, another Englishman should receive such appreciation, — a man to whom England and the world are more indebted than they could be for a hundred Crystal Palaces, whether, like this one, of glass that breaks, or, like the Russian one of which Cowper sings, of ice that melts, — a man as beneficial certainly as a minister of the crown, and whose writings are a Crystal Palace, where the sunlight of manly sentiment and of playful fancy gleams through periods more clear and beautiful than plates of glass, and brightened by the moisture of pathetic dew. Commendable and great as is the skill shown in contriving so vast and light an edifice, to be so various-

ly filled, yet, when this New Curiosity Shop shall nearly have faded from the memory of men, eager eyes will continue to throng the Old Curiosity Shop, to pay their glistening tributes at the saintly shrine of early sorrow in its early grave. This, however, is an Age of Light, when great toyshops are built, intended to be taken down after six months of show; not one of the miserable Dark Ages, when cathedrals were erected, to be taken down only after leases of thousands of years, or, if suddenly, by convulsions alone, that shake terribly the earth. The dignity of toil is not the new creation which it claims to be; it was known of old, and its sublimest exhibitions have ever been founded upon the rock. Long may Sir Joseph Paxton enjoy his laurels, fairly won, and long may exemplar Majesty outshine the jewelled crown; but may it everywhere be heeded well, that, while plates of glass, not being conductors of the electrical principle, may negatively aid the commonwealth, those men are positive pillars of the state whose spell can charm the lightning of the soul into brotherly kindness, and the bolts of anger into loyal charities.

But, as it was about to be said, in California

there are no Westminster Abbeys, or likenesses of them, except in so far as the courtesies of life, which should be like open doors, demand a fee. Elegant affinities cannot be attracted towards a heathenish region, that has no catacombs, where the feet can wander through halls after halls whose sides are lined with ghastly, embalmed human shapes, a standing army of silent, spectral death, enrobed in dusky brown, like friars, as many of them were in life ; no grinning, Gothic faces, or heads of turbaned Saracens, carved in stone, which, if suddenly appearing to people unused to the daily sight, would send them hurrying, pale and trembling, to the shrine of the nearest patron-saint of any body for help ; no curious mosaics, expressing sacred symbols or historic faces, less reverently than the inner thought conceives ; no deceased dialects, with inexplicable inscriptions on their tombstones ; no desecrated paintings of holy persons, with miraculously moving eyes, or statues bleeding for the faithful at set times ; no red congelations, in mysterious vials, liquefying once a year ; no cenotaphs, of rosy spotted porphyry, of kings ; no ancient castles, with stains of the blood of slain favorites or ministers of state, yet opening

red, revealing lips on stony floors. The presence of some despairing men, grieved at home, and with hopes of better fortune broken and wilted there, and dangling about their souls like faded garlands on the brow of a maniac, may help, indeed, to give that air of misery which makes a country attractive and classical.

Thoughts, which, if set in the golden casket of expression, would shine as brightly as any rays from the mental stars that soften and illumine the calm night of meditation, may visit many unknown and humble men, in hours of patient service ; for, in truth, all who have ever won the admiration of the world have been equalled, each in his special capacity, by thousands of whom the world has never heard. Many such, with whom life's fortunes have gone hardly, as well as obscurely, have looked about them on wan cheeks and fallen eyes, and at the sight their hearts have gone down, as if they would not cease ; but those hearts have been lifted from wells of grief by the news from the Pacific shore, and the hope to see those pale, thin cheeks full and animate again, and those eyes no more dull and spiritless, has persuaded them to embark for the region of promise. Religion, that

loves and blesses the sad, weighing the needs of men in scales of charity, and sifting motives in her silver sieve, will encourage this decision or not, as she may wisely judge ; but Sanctimony, the usurper of her Crystal Throne, should have earnest care, lest she revile as mercenary feelings as softly, brightly pure as any thing on earth can be, even as the tears that press upon the eyes of childhood, as they turn their last look upon the bending face of a mother, and then close, to open not again in time. Art and Learning, in broad halls, tapestried with books, or in gorgeous prisons of the willing senses, should not frown upon these men for desiring to change the living portraiture of sorrow into those of gladness, and sad moans or sadder silence into songs of ringing joy ; for to take off the weight from heavy hearts is as worthy and refining, as to wander admiringly through Tusculan villas, to trace, with *Iliad* in hand, the sites of Homer's cities, or to listen with the cultured ear alone where *Misereres* bathe the soul in tearful ecstasies of sound, and beat with plaintive, holy waves, until responsive arches, altars, walls, and pillars throb with harmony and sorrow.

But if the dispositions and motives of these men



be disdained by people who have been refined out of sympathy with their kind, let them be construed generously by those who know that the life of man has not yet been made a garden where he who wills may walk beneath embowering shades, to the music of perpetual fountains. The peculiar histories of every multitude of men would furnish momentous chronicles. Every heart, that has tallied its account of beating life from infancy to manhood, could supply an Epic with conflicts, victories, and defeats. Magnanimity may reside beneath the sunniest bronze and coarsest texture, while hard cunning may prefer pleasant features and apparel of the latest mode. The best sensibilities may be seen in leaden caskets, and the harshest tempers may be set in gold ; and, also, it is true, that the courtesy of wealth may be a faithful sign of warmth within, and poverty may be made trebly poor by a suspicious envy, more arrogant than what it envies, and by a miser's surliness and craft, that lack alone his means.

Here may be some hearts too dry ever to receive a blight, which cannot lose the mellowness which they have never had ; and others, as hard as the united hardness of all the nether and the



upper millstones which ever compressed corn so closely, that each grain cried out with protesting agony as it was ground to the nutritious dust. Avarice, displayed by people rich or poor, claims, properly, its dues ; with these let the moral account be also met by full dividends of just rebuke and compound usury of scorn. But soft, fair violets may grow beneath the most corrupted tree. Upon this deck flowers may spring, as beautiful and as fragrant as any that ever sent their odors forth in greenest meadows ; here, too, may be gnarled oaks, which hold their faded leaves tenaciously until the latest day of autumn, and then yield them with fear, lest they fall astray, and fertilize some other soil than theirs. Sublime and lovely natures, above the aim of the miser, may be enshrined in wealth or in need. The golden, perennial beauty of the soul depends not on the outward mark.

In the spirits of many here, memory may be a true sentinel of firm affections, of fervent joys, of tender sorrows, which, not content with being merely prisoners of the memory, press by the guard, in their haste to catch the very eye of the soul.

## I.

Now brighter than the splendor of the day,  
Which through the sky, with clouds impearled,  
is spread

O'er emerald banks, the waters of the bay,  
The city great, the ship that longs to thread  
Her glancing furrows white, abroad is shed  
The brilliancy of wings by love allied  
To hearts by impulses of memory led,  
Towards shrines afar, where burning lamps  
abide,

The guidance of whose light no seas or mounts  
can hide.

## II.

O'er hills, on which the sun's saluting beams,  
And parting, smile and play entrancingly,  
O'er the blue, silvered, winding, rippling streams,  
Swiftly as eagles to their eyries fly,  
These visitants are borne with fervency,  
O'er forests deep, which ne'er the sunshine know,  
O'er fertile plains and homes of industry,  
O'er pastures with flocks sprinkled, valleys low,  
O'er fields where yellow waves of ripened plenty  
flow.

## III.

Rejoicingly the Earth looks up to see,  
That man still owns a portion of the dower  
Which once was his, when, with the accordancy  
Of birds and brooks, within her bounteous bower  
Of eastern bliss, where sprung each fragrant  
    flower  
And fair that opes to taste the morning dew,  
She greeted him in his first, sinless hour,  
And for him daily more delightful grew,  
While imaged on her face shone every choicest  
    hue.

## IV.

At homes, the chancels of earth's sacred  
    places,  
Where are the rites with due observance paid  
Of life's adorning and attractive graces,  
The farewell pilgrimage of love is stayed.  
Each heart now folding memory's flying aid,  
With silent steps, unseen, unheard, descends,  
And, in the precincts of the cherished shade,  
With saddening fears attended, lowly bends,  
While all the pleasant past with present sorrow  
    blends.

## V.

They cling so eagerly and firmly there,  
That, of themselves, they cannot loose their hold,  
But Hope and Purpose, now approaching, dare,  
Joining their hands together, kindly bold,  
To lift the prostrate ones, and, then, to infold  
Their failing energies with manly force  
Of fortitude, whose patient arm can mould  
Faint hearts to mighty souls : by this resource,  
Nerved to return, they rise upon their airy course.

## VI.

Their pinions falter with the weight of tears,  
Whose heavy moisture oft the soul may feel,  
When eyes are dry, and show no woes or fears ;  
For they, when lavishly abroad may deal  
The sun his fiercest beams, may still reveal  
Unshrinking vision, as they sternly gaze.  
It is the heraldic crest, which marks the seal  
Of true nobility, in troublous days,  
To fix on Duty's eye, through rough or fiery ways.

## VII.

As in the sunny flight these tears arise,  
Keeping their form and beauty in the sky,

They are seen to glisten by the seraphs' eyes,  
 Who hold continual ward in stations high,  
 For to these seven sentries ceaselessly  
 The holy charge from Heaven is assigned  
 To watch for human tears with constancy,  
 Since gems of more imperishable kind  
 As signs of better life on earth they cannot find.

## VIII.

These merciful, good angels, in their hands,  
 Diffusing pearly light, these crystals seize,  
 And with the glad alacrity which bands  
 Ethereal use, fulfilling charities,  
 They reach the place, where quiring harmonies  
 Proclaim the glory of the King of Kings.  
 They trembling kneel ; at once the melodies  
 Of harp and voice are still ; alone there rings  
 The richly rustling sound of many joining wings.

## IX.

The silent angel-guards bend down their eyes,  
 And bear upon a jewelled salver, wrought  
 With precious skill, these moist resplendencies,  
 Whose clear tongues plead to help man's bitter  
 lot.

Would that to stainless beauty might be brought  
The germ divine of man, to dark descents  
Though fallen, yet living, undecayed to naught,  
As 'midst his errors, sins, and wrong intents  
These lucid points evince, these dewy arguments.

Even if, to him who departs, a pall seems to invest all time ; if the silent depths of his soul are dark, and every face, to his distempered sight, answers the gloom of his ; if the cheers of the multitude sound like cries of agony, and the panting of the mechanism like moans of pain, — still, far down in the gulf of the past, glimpses of home once happy may beam like stars, that shoot forth as stormy clouds sweep swiftly by them, to show that the tempest is broken, and to promise the morning on the sea, when the billows, playing in the softened breeze and splendor, shall lift towards the sun white crests of joy, and with their shining hands press on the ships, as if knowing how much more blessed it is to help than to destroy.

If he has caused a blight to fall upon any spirit, or has thrust away pure affections that strove to embrace him tenderly ; if through means of his

any face has grown daily more wan, and has finally paled wholly from the sight, that valued not the treasure; if any child, to whom his care and love should have been like dew and sunshine to the budding flower, has fled in terror from his glaring eye and frenzied hand; if he has derided or used ungratefully any good of Providence or man, — still, now, the crisis of resolution may have awakened his dull spirit; he may remember entreaties to forgive impatience shown in bearing woes which he is conscious of having brought himself, and the memory may assure him that a heart so tender as to crave pardon from one who grievously had wronged it, lacked not the grace to grant the boon it sought, and although it cannot now with living lips, yet in the full sunlight he may see bending upon him, from the far-off sky, eyes which he once made to be dim with sorrow, or to look sadder from efforts to restrain their flowing grief, but now beaming with forgiving hope, brighter than the sun.

If his heart has been sorrowful so long that gladness, should it come, must express itself by sighs; if his way has been made rough with difficulties by those, who, if he has failed to conquer



them, have scoffed at his ill success, or, if he has manfully trampled them down, have taken the praise of bringing out his energy by opposition ; if in his strenuous trials to gain a free scope for himself, hands have pressed or drawn him back, that should heartily have helped him forward ; if voices that should have inspired his will have maligned his purposes and ways ; if far-sighted prudence, denounced as obstinacy, because defying hostile censure, and tenderly firm against friendly but blind persuasion, has in a fatal hour yielded to the united siege of enmity and love, and, afterwards, spent years of brokenness of spirit in mourning over thwarted aims, until those who accepted submission with joy have seen too late their error, and hostile ones have treated compliance with their counsels more haughtily and contemptuously than they had done resistance to them ; if this or that procedure has been recommended for pretended benefit, but really to cut the wings of a design that seemed about to cross the course of the adviser, though with no such intent ; if energy has first learned the consciousness of itself from seeing lips of scorn ; if in the house of friends wounds have been given that have chilled the fer-

vor of life, and still charity, knowing that there was no design to cut like swords, or to pierce like heated points of steel, has not accused, lest pangs should thrill through a heart, or tears bedew a face beloved ; whether or not reasons like these have cast their weight into the scale ; or, if life has hitherto passed happily ; if good-will has cheered the struggling path, and daily frowns have not made the hours sad ; if friendly hands have been prompt to promote worthy aims ; if the heart has been more pained by over-kind regard than by contumely or chilliness ; if sorrow has but deepened and brightened the soul and the sight, made more manly the pressure of the foot, and depressed alone a haughty bearing of the head ; whether the mind refers to a more sunny or to a more cloudy past, hope is yet busy with the fibres of each heart, and teaching to some lips the song of a lighter and fairer future, to others of one less dark and sad.

The eye now turns again to the journal, in which the editor shows

How like the dew of Hermon 't is to see  
Both Ministers and Congressmen agree

In laboring to secure the public good  
 More fervently than for their daily food ;  
 And to their country showing all devotion,  
 Without a thought of personal promotion.

But a crowd of trunks make such confusion that these paradisiacal portraitures cannot be viewed with the serene and absorbing rapture which is due to the few memorials on earth of the reign of Saturn. It is natural that men should wish to keep trunks as far out of the way of harm, and as much under their eye, as they can ; for trunks are useful and pleasant travelling companions, notwithstanding inspectors of customs, who, it is gratifying to know, sometimes cut their fingers with glass ornaments, when searching for smuggled silk or contraband lace.

Ne'er is a man more at a loss to know  
 What with himself to do, or where to go,  
 Than when, amazed, his trunk he cannot find,  
 With best and nearest goods and chattels lined.

The most attractive objects then lose their enchantment. Superb editions of the old poets, with clasps of silver guarding thoughts of gold ;

cathedrals, lighted and shaded by stained windows, having carved oaken choirs, pillars of choice marble, and floors of mosaic; illuminated manuscripts, thronged with figures, stiff, but very brightly colored; gorgeously panelled walls of palaces, and ceilings storied in fresco; paintings of the old masters, or statuary of older or of later than they, ruling the spirit with sceptres of beauty; matins and vespers breathing harmonies into the ears of the devout air; lofty cypresses, making walls of verdure with masses of interlacing foliage; operas fanning the senses with dramatic music;—all these things are no more sources of delight to a man who has lost his trunk, than if their graces were under the lock of the receptacle which has gone, and whither the distracted student of the beautiful cannot divine. A man who has searched in vain to find his trunk cannot make his presence agreeable to himself anywhere. He may be proven to have lost his head, for he has been forsaken by his senses, those busy representatives, that, in their capitol, the brain, conduct the affairs of their nervous constituencies. Whatever be the figure of this argument, or though it belong to none of the series, the man

knows his desolate figure, and the barbarous mode of his personality ; and if the terms be not duly distributed, he believes that his valuables, including letters dated at the heart, have been distributed to the four corners of the earth, and to thousands of curious eyes.

But if the premises be doubtful, the Archbishop of Dublin himself would allow the conclusion to be conclusive, if his Grace ever lost a portfolio in which was an Episcopal charge, which he had carefully prepared for a special occasion, of which he kept no copy, while his clergy, having waited in vain for its wisdom and logic to be dispensed to them, were at last compelled to accept a dispensation in the Papal sense, excusing them from attention.

A man of weak nerves would be annoyed by arriving at the wharf just in season to see the steamer, with his goods sent beforehand safely on board, moving gracefully out of the bay, while his frantic cries "Stop! stop!" drowned by the cheers of the crowd, cannot retract a single revolution of the wheels. He would be even less pleased to find, several hours after leaving port, that his most important trunk had been left be-

hind. The consciousness of personal security would be made by the loss of personal accompaniments to increase, rather than allay, his agitation. Hence the general excitement about trunks will not be censured, however much it may for a time obstruct freedom of action, or damage individuality, which last is an admirable quality for a hermitage, or for a rural retreat, but not for the deck of a steamer bound for the Isthmus, or for the hurrying world in general. Conglomeration rules the day, and let it have a fair field, to show its power for ill or for good, that men may return to the old path, or adopt the more excellent way. Probably none of the passengers are in peril of the archiepiscopal difficulty, for though each trunk may be the cause of as much commotion as any one of the official charges or discharges of his valiant Lordship, Henry of Exeter, it is not to be supposed that the trunks hold any charges, clerical or lay, beyond, it may be, in two or three, a few small bills, which in the hurry of departure there was no time to settle.

The revolutions of the wheels of a steamship are examples of a kind of rotation in office, which, besides being needful for efficient progress, are un-

like some other modes of that operation, in seldom causing bitter displeasure to any one, but rather hearty complacency to all parties concerned, though having some likeness in the way in which it is sustained, which is by keeping the steam well up, and by bringing all the forces within reach to bear upon the main shaft, or the main chance, as the case may be. Wheels are also revolvers, which steamships hold out, right and left, in fighting their way through the sea: and these now revolve half around and then back, ending their endeavors, like people whose activity of design excels firmness of will, in a mere fuss of foam and commotion. The machinery puffs and groans for its proper sphere of exertion, like the energies of a statesman, who longs to be kicking at foreign nations and at domestic enemies, but who is restrained from such ministration by the electoral chain of a want of votes; if, indeed, any thing so positive as a chain-cable can be compared to an absolute negation. The state-ly funnel towers over the ship with a kind of Satanic fascination, as if it would inspire some precipitate person to climb to the black summit of the cylinder like a squirrel, and then to dive



down into its smoking recesses, merely to see where, amongst the complicated machinery, his "dark descent" would be stopped, the adventurer not thinking that his exploit might prove to be as disastrous as an appeal to a Court of Equity, of which it is generally true, that it is much easier to get in than to get out.

The tones of bells have an apostolical character, for their significance is so various, that they may be said to become all things to all men, that they may gain the ears of some. They express every note in the gamut of human emotion, from the low moan of despair to the high ecstasy of hope. There are bells for births, for the house of mourning, and for the marriage-feast. Peels, knells, and chimes proclaim the trinity of man's life on earth, joy, sorrow, and devotion, for all men worship something, and the object of their homage has its proper music. There are bells that toll the watches of the night, that usher in the dawn, that announce every hour of the sun's march, and of evening bells poetry is full. Bells declare victories, and the anniversaries of great deeds. There are bells of terror, which signify fires, earth-

quakes, and the approaches of enemies ; Protestant bells, that ring vehemently like perpetual memorials of Luther's voice, and Catholic bells, which are seldom rung, but which are struck incessantly, making glad the faithful and annoying the faithless ; glad and vociferous bells, which proclaim the birth of an heir to an imperial crown, and soft, deceptive bells, which give the signal for Sicilian vespers ; bells that strike six of a dark, icy morning in winter, irritating collegians, and bells that strike one of a summer midnight, to the meditative torture of Dr. Young, and to the more lamentable torture of English verse in the way of sentimental crudities, sickly fancies, and the vagaries of spasmodic piety on stilts ; bells that hurry travellers to the cars, and warn deaf people to beware of the crossings of engines ; bells that call passengers in a steamboat to the captain's office to settle their fares, and more pleasant bells which summon them to the table for supper ; and bells like this one, advising people who have come on board to take leave of friends, that they will do wisely to retire soon, if they wish not to find themselves on the way to Chagres, with no preparations for crossing the

Isthmus in the rainy season, and with not even a spurious ticket for the passage between Panama and San Francisco. Farewells, attended by a guard of good wishes and kind hopes, issue from the lips ; and hands give and return an earnest pressure. About the parting words may play an almost merry liveliness, which proves sincerity better than a studied endeavor to look suitably sad, which usually succeeds in looking very ungracious and sour. Regret at losing the presence of a friend may be blended with enjoyment of it, growing more intense as every moment shortens it, and the fervor of the spirit may be expressed in this divided way ; or, to return to bells, as the tones of a bell sound wonderfully pure, reach far, and endure long, when a dampness pervades the air, so pleasantries of speech, struck from hearts moist with sensibility, ring clear and make music long after in the ears of him that goes and of him that stays ; and parting smiles are among the brightest treasures of the memory, for they throw over after hours a beautiful and cheering halo of light.

The last friend has walked the plank from the deck to the pier ; the steam discharges bullets of

sound, which pierce the ears, and mingle with the general concert of puffing, roaring, and shouting noises ; the wheels begin to revolve with more determination : one is forced to consider the victories of the usurper, steam ; as, how many coaches have run their last stage, and overturned their impatient passengers into rapid cars ; how many bluff and merry Saxon drivers have yielded place to precise and polite Latin conductors ; how neighboring States, unmindful of the Apostolic precept, have diligently rendered railing for railing to secure Canadian trade, or for some other purpose equally excellent ; in short, how fast the world with all that it contains is coming under the dominion of the Prince of the Power of the Air : and one conjectures whether other kinds of conveyance may not soon be managed by steam, whether real estates, which have been alienated sometimes by the fumes of alcohol, may not be conveyed by steam proper, in which case they would not be perplexed with a long retinue of contingent remainders ; for steam never has any contingent remainders, except when two trains of cars, going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, suddenly meet on the same track, to shake hands

and ask the price of stocks. If there be any niche in the Temple of Invention yet unoccupied, it must be in reserve for the blessed individual who shall successfully apply steam to suits in chancery, so that an estate may pass through that long tract of country, without being detained too long in the green pastures of luxurious fees, or being locked up for too many years in the terrible dungeons of a snivelling chancellor's doubts.

The steamer being now on the point of departure, while hats, hands, and handkerchiefs wave together in the air, a young man, of commanding figure and of bold but not unbecoming manners, a "Bowery boy," stands upon the upper deck at the stern of the ship, beneath the floating banner of his country. Waving first his hat and then his handkerchief, he addresses the people on shore with a loud and searching voice. His precise words cannot be reported, but there is no doubt that they were of the following import.

"Fellow-citizens, we are bound for California, where there is gold enough and plenty of it. But we are not going altogether for that. We hope to enjoy ourselves in a new country. Still, for

my part, I am willing to say, that I mean to return to New York with the biggest piece of what was once Mexico that I can dig out of the earth, carry in my hat to the shore (hat in my hand, my good friends), and bring home in my trunk. I assure you, my particular friends, as you all are, that I have no harder wish for any of you than that you may all come out in the next steamer, and do the same likewise. Fellow-citizens, it is peculiarly proper to consider at such a time as this the glory of our country. No nation now on earth holds her head so high as ours, and no one has so good a right to do so. Two wars, the Crystal Palace, and Collins's line, have proved to the satisfaction of every body, that we have now beaten England and the rest of mankind in all the elements, — land, water, steam, and machinery. Now, fellow-citizens, the golden rule of our republican system is, as you have all been instructed from childhood, that we should do honor to those who do honor to us. That is Republicanism, or it is nothing, and our history will show that, in all cases, this rule has been invariably obeyed. The fact is, that for our country to honor those who honor her is one of our great and

glorious and free institutions, which we are bound to respect, love, cherish, and obey till death us do part, and so forth, as the Westminster Catechism says. That being the case, suffer me to make a suggestion. We all hope, of course, that the prince of exhibitors, before he closes his show for the last time (and long may it be before he does), — I thank you for applauding that sentiment, — we all hope, that he will be the governor of his inventive commonwealth. Let me also advise that the contriver of the famous yacht be chosen President by the unanimous vote of the people ; and let the inventor of the reaping-machine, who deserves, as all admit, a first-rate place in the hearts of every body, let him be President of the Senate. He would gather the grain of public affairs, and sift it, to some purpose. Let the man who picked Braham's locks decide questions of order as Speaker of the House ; and, finally, let the inventor of six-barrelled revolvers be Secretary of State. Our country could then face her enemies and go ahead with a will. I am told that the picker of locks is a Boston boy, and my literary friends — of whom I am happy to say that I have a large number — assure me that the genius of



the place, as it is called in some old-fashioned language or other, is so marked, that

Boston young women, on the verge of twenty,  
Having of sciences a fearful plenty,  
The mystic stores of German lore expanding,  
Can pick the Locke on Human Understanding,  
and make it worthless in five minutes.

“ But let me not wander from my subject, lest I err as much as a reverend scholar might do, who, in addressing a literary society on the American Mind, should discourse at length upon Wat Tyler’s rebellion, when a few brief remarks upon President John Tyler’s administration would be more directly to the point. What has Wat Tyler ever done to develop the American Mind? He never annexed Texas, or, as the result of that, the Pacific Ocean. To return, fellow-citizens, let me again exhort you to follow our example, and join our enterprise as soon as you can conveniently, and sooner, if possible; but at any rate, wherever we go or wherever we stay, whatever we do or whatever we don’t do, let us never forget to remember the American flag and the American eagle; and may the first see more and more

stars, every year, and the last grow larger and larger, and his eyes brighter, and his claws sharper, and his shout louder, as long as we live, and for a long time afterwards. The greatest man that ever lived is reported to have said at Cambridge, when the Yankee College there made him a Doctor of Laws, for his skilful surgery upon the body politic, and by way of diplomatic sanction for his doing more of the same sort, — this man, in acknowledging the degree conferred upon him, as it is said, using the same energy of voice with which he declared that the deposits should be removed from the jaws of the Monster, spoke as follows : ‘*E pluribus unum. Palmam qui meruit ferat. Pro bono publico. Amen.*’ These affecting, original, and patriotic remarks are said to be prospectively prophetic, and to mean, as I am told by people who understand the English language when expressed in Latin words, that this whole continent belongs to us, by right, desert, and the general welfare, and that the sooner we have it in our power in any way, but the best way if we can, the better it will be for all the parties concerned. Fellow-citizens, in bidding you good by, until we meet again, allow me to observe that the

sentiment quoted was not only a good, Christian sentiment, that deserved an Amen, but also a patriotic one, entitled to three cheers."

As the steamer began to move forward, before these last words had fairly left the lips of the speaker, the cheers which heartily arose from the ship and the pier may have been the exchange of spontaneous good-will between the passengers and spectators generally, and not a special answer to the ingenious thought which closed the harangue. The speaker, seeing his audience fast receding from him, joined vociferously in the cheers, again waving his hat and handkerchief by turns. At last he put his hat on his head and his handkerchief in his pocket; but had he reversed this order, he would not have acted altogether without that first requisite for scrupulous men,—a precedent; for, not long ago, the heir of the ancient and noble house of Derby, in ascending the Andes, at the worst season of the year, and quicker than was ever known before, except by a special express in times of revolution, as if the injunction, "On, Stanley, on!" directly referred to himself, this gentleman, who, if ever called to share in the government of his country, cannot

be blamed for official neglect, if he shall conduct public affairs with the same expedition and strength which he showed in that surprising journey, — this young, manly, and enterprising statesman, finding the wind to be very boisterous in the passage of Chimborazo, making his hat unmanageable, put it in his pocket; so that, if the Bowery boy had done the same, he would have followed an illustrious example; but, with a due regard for final causes, he put it upon his head, and then looked about him with an air of reserved energy and decision, as if bent upon advancing the greatness and glory of his country by every way in his power, and, on his private account, of despatching any one who should dare to insult him upon that never more than ten days' journey to obscurity, commonly called sending a man into the middle of next week, — a mode of propulsion, however, which, it is said upon good scientific authority, would distract all the doctors and students of a Dutch university for seventy-two successive hours, in arguing that by the science of dynamics no such thing could be done.

Among the crowd of cheering spectators may be some relatives, who count with rapture upon

the affluence of returning fathers, sons, brothers, or cousins ; and, in some cases, there may be an incipient jealousy, consistent with kind wishes, lest departing ones may return so glorified and exalted by Californian success, as to eclipse the less splendid efforts of others. There may be a ground for such good-natured jealousy,

For there is seldom known at once to be  
More than one lion in a family.

Fears and hopes, tears and smiles, faithful affections and fervent blessings, may lie underneath the uproar of those who have come from curiosity mainly to see another steamship depart for Chagres.

The day is bright ; and thus favored by a pleasant sky, and by loud and hearty benedictions, the steamer proceeds ; the people on shore watch eagerly the graceful motion seaward of the noble vessel ; and the passengers, standing upon the upper deck, look no less intently upon the receding city. Hardly a mile has been passed over, when the wheels suddenly cease to revolve ; and, to the general amazement, anchor is dropped about two thousand miles from the place where it might

have been thought, five minutes before, that it would strike its flukes into the ground. The passengers are with good reason confounded. Those who are strangers from the country may be less confounded than the rest, from thinking that the rushing chain at the bows may be simply a part of the machinery; and so it is, but not of the motive kind. The clerk soon appears upon deck, and in the cabins, politely informing passengers that they can go ashore until the next morning, as some portion of the machinery labors, and needs to be set right.

The ship had been performing the nautical gymnastics, called pausing on the centre, which means, that, instead of moving on her way with even tenor, she stopped to take breath at every revolution of the wheels, before taking another leap forward into the waves, a movement well enough for those who like it, when the sea is smooth, but suggestive of nervous apprehensions in a furious gale; for should a steamship, at such a time, when crossing two huge billows, pause too long on the centre, the whole establishment might suddenly divide, leaving the captain, officers, passengers, crew, and all hands generally, to go in



different directions, and neither of them towards Chagres, or any place inhabited by living men, and with but one engine between them, and that going down as fast as it can, to pause upon the centre of gravitation for some ages, perhaps to aid in convoying some of the ships, which, like spirits that once breathed the upper air, move in silent, dreary circles on the black, breathless, waveless deep, while their spectral crews keep their unbroken watch below.

This accident not only detains the ship, but forces the narration itself to cast anchor, and the reflections upon the beautiful bay of New York are of course deferred to a more convenient occasion. But a writer's purpose should overcome harder mischances than this, for, if all the intimidations of literary history cannot turn him aside, he ought not to mind being so suddenly brought to a stand. Let not this unlooked for and perplexing detention cause longer delay than is needful to decide what can be done. The passengers have nearly all obeyed the clerk's polite invitation to go ashore, and the city, seen to be surrounded by the tall masts of ships, suggests the use of those convenient contrivances as figures of speech,



in which respect they have been of good service, since timber was first made to float ; for the Ark, of blessed memory, not only saved what was worth saving at an important period of human history, but a timely resort to it as a figure of speech has saved many an orator from metaphorical drowning, at a rhetorical crisis.

The city is a sea of lives freighted  
 In transient vessels to make voyages  
 From time's decaying shore to those vast ports  
 Where all arrivers find fast anchorage,  
 To that strange land, whose capes reach out so  
     far,  
 That some barks gain their destination soon,  
 While the deep bays withdraw their shelving sands  
 So far inland, that others press the sea,  
 Ere they are harbored, more than fourscore years.  
 Launched on the wave of life the little boat  
 Moves tremulous, as though a ruder touch  
 Of the new billows would break up its frame ;  
 Full oft it does ; and then the tender frigate  
 Launches, in turn, the memory of its voyage  
 Upon a flood of tears ; or, if more blest,  
 Or less, for this no foresight can resolve,

The bark shall conquer the great, breaking sea,  
 Expanding shapely comeliness it glides  
 Before the vigorous pressure of the wind,  
 Which breathes odorous sweetness from the banks,  
 Where youth and hope their bowers of beauty build.  
 Thus may two ships, one more by vigor marked,  
 And the other more by gracefulness of form,  
 From diverse ports proceeding, near approach  
 Each other, wafted by the generous gale  
 Of love reciprocal, thence on life's course  
 To advance through storm or sunshine, side by  
     side,  
 Until one strikes upon the mystic shore,  
 Whence can no mortal keel remove, and then  
 The one deprived in loneliness goes on,  
 Until it gains the limit of its course.

These voyagers are variously equipped  
 For their swift courses on existence' sea ;  
 Some, spreading sunny sails of texture strong,  
 Court the affluent winds, and move o'er shining  
     waves,  
 That feel exhilarating airs alone,  
 While each sail met bends in sweet courtesy  
 To these fine ships, so bounteously supplied

With every cabin luxury of life ;  
 Others, with canvas torn, meagre, too thin  
 For stress of storms, prevail not on the breezes  
 To waft them kindly on, but are exposed  
 To cruel, shifting gales, which swell the sea,  
 Until it beats and roars ; o'er billows hard  
 They wander, roughly pushed, appointed ill,  
 Neglected, unsaluted, and condemned  
 To stifle want with short allowances  
 And musty bread.

Some are of timbers old,  
 Battered by storms, made tough by service hard,  
 Oft bending to the gale, yet not o'erthrown,  
 In gentle weather easy and benign,  
 Of stiff resistance in dark peril's hour ;  
 Others no strain have felt of tempests rough,  
 And, in smooth waters gliding, can maintain  
 An amiable mien, enchanting all  
 To see them bear so gracefully along  
 So much delight and love ; yet broken ships  
 With tattered sails there are, which grieve the  
     sight,  
 And yet which would as amiable appear  
 As any that adorn life's pleasant sea,  
 If they had not had conflicts rude to bear

With angry skies, sharp lightnings, and the host  
Of troubles that molest the human heart.

When airs are balmy, and the seas are smooth,  
It easy is to be of nature sweet.

That is alone true amiability,

Which stands the test of penury and pain.

See others fluttering with bright streamers gay,  
Making of life a constant holiday.

Some lend to others prompt, becoming aid,

In times of sorrow and of utmost need,

With wholesome plenty filling scant supplies,

Lending new sails, or stopping dismal leaks

Of poverty or wrong; others with scorn,

Provided well themselves, pass swiftly by

Their broken neighbors, taking notice none,

Or with bland, simpering words that nothing mean,

And less bring forth, answering their conscience'  
call.

Another, far from helping in distress,

Withholding e'en cheap verbal comfort, looks

With eager sight, where'er a tidy ship

With a good cargo laden homeward speeds,

And then, making quick sail, bears down at once

Upon the modest bark, and breaks it up,

And, the good cargo shifting to its hold,  
 Leaves the poor injured ship to sink or float  
 O'er wayward waves, the toil of patient years  
 Lost in collision with rich insolence,  
 And earnings small gone to increase the wealth  
 Of one who should have spared, not taken more ;  
 And then, the haughty vessel sailing on,  
 As it beholds another like itself,  
 Congratulating signals gives and takes  
 For the shrewd deed, as though it were as good  
 As an archangel would rejoice to do,  
 And not such as should make a devil blush.  
 Look also on those ships, famed for exploits  
 On war's rough ocean, or on smoother waves  
 Of policy. How gracefully upon their course,  
 Lined with great throngs of cheering sails, they  
 go,

Bending complacent bows to all around,  
 But most complacent ones to those dear crafts,  
 That cast for anchors votes.

Still other ships,  
 Manned by the loving goodnesses of life,  
 Make it their aim to go in search of wrecks ;  
 And many wrecks there are, to move the heart, —  
 The wrecks of hope, pondering in still despair,

The wrecks of wealth and shattered competence,  
 Injustice suffering or the wages hard  
 Of former arrogance in plenteous days,  
 The wrecks of health, weak, shapeless, and forlorn,  
 The wrecks of honor, firm no more and true,  
 Leaving the straight course of integrity,  
 The wrecks of mind, wandering they know not  
       where,

By winds disordered on disordered seas,  
 With compass all distracted in its points,  
 The wrecks of love sincere, but cast aside  
 By those unworthy of its blessedness,  
 Moving disconsolate in disarray  
 With aimless fancies upon aimless waves.  
 On billows glaring with deceptive light  
 Are found the saddest wrecks of all, the wrecks  
 Of rosy beauty turned to ruddy shame,  
 And whitening then to die.

Whene'er these barks  
 Reach where on stormy waves these wrecks are  
       seen,

The careful watch on deck the signal give,  
 And instantly with charity's commotion  
 Are all on board alive; the boats let down,  
 Furnished with ready succor, briefly wait,

And the eager crew need no command to press  
Where the wreck struggles in complete distress,  
Which, when they reach, with hastening hands  
they seek

To bend new sails, to bind the splintered spars,  
To stop the yawning leaks or ply the pumps,  
To fix the unhinged rudder, or to set  
The mind's chronometer that leads astray,  
Or to supply celestial quadrants good,  
Which, through the lenses strong of faith and  
hope,

Enable human souls to see how high  
The Sun of grace has risen on their course ;  
To famished inmates is provided food ;  
The broken ships to harbors snug are led,  
Until again ready to plough the sea,  
With best directions from the heavenly chart,  
Or to abide secure till reason's ray  
Shall shine again, when breaks immortal day.  
After such offices of good are done,  
The charitable ones in silence go  
Back to their ships, chartered by love sincere,  
Freighted with blessings, wafted by the gales  
Which blow directly from the pearly gate  
Of Paradise upon man's suffering state.



See at its final port a ship arrive,  
After long wrestling with the storms of life ;  
The shrouds and braces where the tempest howled  
Are now transformed to chords where music  
          breathes

Of heavenly origin, which soothes and cheers  
The last, declining period of the voyage ;  
The faithful anchor hangs upon the bows,  
A refuge oft before from drifting winds,  
And ready to hold fast the stately bark,  
When it has reached the narrow strand that severs  
Time from Eternity, that it may stand  
Fearless in that dread hour of mortal change,  
Until the angelic lighter from the shore  
Of endless time draws near to take the freight,  
And store it in the treasury of God.  
For every mortal vessel bears a freight  
Precious indeed, which cost a Prince's life  
To save it from destruction ; this gem divine,  
With fadeless life endowed, burnished with care  
By the celestial graver's patient skill,  
Changes the grossness of its human stains  
For the far-shining beauty of the skies ;  
But, ere this end be reached, hard discipline  
The costly jewel needs ; and many a stroke

To it is given, which seems as it would break,  
 Not cleanse, the gem, yet, when the dust of grief  
 Is by the graver gently breathed away,  
 Where were the strokes most hard and frequent,  
                   there

Are left the brightest places in the gem.  
 This rich freight incorruptible is borne  
 To its sure house of shelter, while is left  
 The hulk behind, victim of quick decay,  
 Till, by a word, transformed in every part,  
 With amaranthine signals, from its bows  
 And floating at the peak, the spirit-ship,  
 Again receiving its resplendent freight,  
 With pure, white sails of heavenly love and joy,  
 Soft, fragrant breezes from the blessed isles,  
 And frame constructed of the Tree of life,  
 Shall glide serenely with immortal pace  
 O'er crystal seas of glory and of grace.

On the next morning the Crescent City is not yet in order to go, or the rest of Sunday is respected, that she may begin her voyage with the secular week. A fresh October wind, coming a month before its time, has cleared the air, the waters of the bay are beautifully bright, and

every thing about looks calm and peaceful, as becomes the hallowed season.

The holy concord of religious bells  
Now through the city sounds, calling to prayer.  
Each spire and tower becomes a beacon, where  
The sentinel in brazen armor clad,  
Catching the signal from his neighbor's tongue,  
Bears with his own the sacred message on,  
To summon men to gain by humble prayer  
Strength to resist their spiritual foes.  
The various temples where dismembered Truth  
Sighs for recovery of its lost estate  
Of unity on earth, receive the throngs  
Who heed the summons of the sacred day,  
While greater throngs disdain the blessed sound.

In consecrated structures there is heard  
The language old, in which were heralded  
The orders which the subject world obeyed,  
But which, transferred to Christian usages  
And redolent of saintly fragrances  
Of centuries, and of as many fears  
And woes and wrongs, in holy anthems rolls,  
While are some faithful souls borne on their course

Towards heavenly crowns in Roman chariots.  
 The liturgies that nerve the Saxon tongue  
 With words of grace there bend and lift by turns  
 The waiting heart, memorials dear of her  
 Enthroned where Thames and cultured Isis  
     glide,  
 The world's best shrine in days of doubt and  
     gloom,  
 And the chief germ divine, from which shall  
     grow  
 The Empire-Church to rule and bless the earth,  
 Crowned now with beauty, as when sighing Faith,  
 From the corrupt Ark flying, sought and found  
 Within her shades the olive-yards of rest.

Yet whate'er shapes sincere devotion takes,  
 If from hearts lowly coming, prayers ascend  
 As an angelic concourse to the skies,  
 And find a hearing at God's ready throne.  
 The humblest head that bows itself unseen  
 May from its lips send messengers of prayer,  
 Which upward speed upon their hallowed flight,  
 Like the swift beams of the Sun's eastern light;  
 While many a full response, sonorous, clear,  
 May fail to reach the Almighty's open ear.

So this invisible and suppliant throng  
 Rise up together towards heaven's pearly gate.  
 If any are more buoyant than the rest,  
 They may be those that issue from the hearts  
 Of weather-beaten mariners in port,  
 Who in the floating chapel bend the knee,  
 While the soft undulation of the sea  
 Answers to the liturgic waves within  
 Of praise and supplication; and if any  
 Slower ascend, they may be some that rise  
 From marble walls, by imitative spires,  
 Too much encumbered to spring up with ease,  
 Stiff with brocade, laden with gems and gold.

See, from the tallest spire the sacred Cross  
 Glows in the sun, projected on the sky  
 Like the blest sign that greeted Constantine,  
 Telling to men of Him who died thereon,  
 To make by pains and tears a path to heaven.  
 While rival empires hasten to decay,  
 And pales the wisdom sages teach and learn,  
 One sentence still shall far outshine the day,  
 And fainting men to living waters turn :  
 " Behold the Lamb of God, that takes away  
 The world's sin " ; no brave conqueror's flashing  
 sword,

No armies, navies, no strong castle's might,  
Such hope and help to weary souls afford  
As gleam and guide from out those words of light.  
They surest mount to reach the eternal skies,  
Who humblest learn how low on earth they are ;  
They first behold the glorious Sun arise,  
Who keep the vigils of the eastern star.

After the shadows of Sunday have deepened into night, and that again, hours ago, has retreated before the dawn of Monday, which ushers the world upon its busy race, boats are seen hastening from the Battery with passengers, to challenge the ship to stay no longer at her anchorage. The preparations at last are over, and she breathes more freely from her iron lungs, those stout respirators, that bear any climate and any wind, and which are less likely to suffer a fatal congestion in the chilly North and East, than between the flowery banks of the Mississippi. The anchor obeys the persuasive chain, that draws it hastily and gayly from its place of rest, and the "Crescent City," upon the imaginary deck of which these foregoing speculations have been made, springs upon her course, while more practical

speculations, as the world will deem them, float busily in many minds. It is the first part of September, and the islands near by are yet bright and green with the lingering loveliness of summer; mansions border the waters, or rise upon gentle heights; open fields glisten with verdure; towns grow into cities wellnigh as fast as the harvest ripens from the seed; institutions of charity are built upon fair and salubrious spots, as though the sight and health of the poor were not to be disregarded; establishments by the water-side afford relief for sojourners from the city's dust and heat; ships arrive laden with cargoes from all lands and with living crowds from the Old World's destitution, or go forth with full and eager sails for ports in distant seas; the substantial lightship, the blessing of the coast, sways at her fast anchorage, ready to guide and delight the mariner, as he approaches home, and not to be passed without a benediction, by day or by night, and whether kissed by the breezes of summer, or bleached by the mantles of winter. Groups of people watch the progress of the ship, and with voices and hands signify their interest and pleasure.

No signs of lordly splendor meet the sight, and



the bays of Italy may be spanned by serener skies, yet the bay of New York is among the glories of the globe. Nature for three seasons is beautiful, and even winter, beneath the clear cold and sunlight, assumes an ermine softness set off with diamond brilliancy. Proofs of thrift and care are upon every side, as though all were agreed to make the land a paradise of industry. The criminal, shut out from the sympathies of daily life, is not denied the invigorating breeze, and a view of the broad sky. And those whose gates of reason are closed, to whom the melodies of nature are discords, and the land and the sea without order and beauty, may summon their army of fantastic images in a pure air, and may array in incongruous shapes the clouds and the stars; the moving ship may be at times as pleasing an object in their discordant world as it is in this, and the sight and sound of active humanity may revive happy glimpses of memory, and move the heart with natural gladness, though at long intervals only between mournful periods of vacancy and gloom; sometimes the bird, singing from island to island, may strike an answering note in their discordant minds, and touch, though but for

an instant, the disused keys of sane thought and emotion, which were wont, in other days, to send music through the recesses of the soul.

The city is hidden from view, the lighthouses are passed, and the land grows slowly dim in the distance ; for not even the power of steam can avail to leave it so soon behind as not to permit many a look upon lessening shapes and dissolving colors. God bless the voyage !

## N O T E S .

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To page 37. Mr. Newman, in a note to one of his powerful and, in many points, admirable "Sermons on Subjects of the Day," spoke as follows of the then recent establishment of the Episcopate at Jerusalem by united England and Prussia: "May that measure utterly fail and come to naught, and be as though it had never been!" May the reverend head of the Catholic University of Ireland live to be endowed, besides his rare mental gifts, with a spirit of deeper insight, so as to see the divine capacities of the Church which he has forsaken, and to "bless and curse not" the most enlightened and momentous Christian act of this age, as it may be acknowledged by all to be, when the humble missionary station becomes the metropolitan throne of reformed and united Christendom.

To page 58. If this concluding sentence should seem to require a complement, it may be in point to say, that, should there ever be another Shakspeare, and should he describe another Hamlet, he might with poetical justice represent him as a man of intellectual aspirations pent up somewhere in the New World, surrounded by its array of influences unfavorable to mental freedom, close by a steam-engine, engaged night and day in making "patent double-million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power" for a "great country" to see its marvellous perfections through, or near a University, compensating for being profoundly obsequious towards writers from abroad of acknowledged worth and power, by being in the main equally derisive towards those at its side, who persist in intellectual aims, in the face of such partial countenance. The stupid Polonius, whether a royal or an academical councillor, whether an adept in the fine phrases of his mother-tongue or of a dead language, will ever regard as insane vagaries the struggles of an imprisoned spirit panting for light and air. America deliberately poisons the graces and sublimities of life, to enjoy without reserve the lust of power and the embraces of material good; and while her murderous disposition remains, she has no right to be surprised, if those of her sons who resist the tide that would drag them from high designs to the miry waters

of an immature and unnatural civilization, feel that they are unjustly disregarded, and sometimes find their loyalty, which they would like to cherish, changing, despite their will and effort, from a hearty sentiment to one of duty and accident alone. The love of country is correlative. A false measure of civilization must of course be superseded in due time, at whatever risk of convulsion; and in the hour of peril, entreaty may take the place of disdain. Mental immunities cannot be outraged and set at naught for ever, and they usually find a defender, when the time is ripe. The filial spirit of man will, sooner or later, heed the visitation, which in the white robes of eternity, and in "the majesty of buried" truth and beauty, with armor of celestial steel and arrows pointed with celestial fire, requires, in a plaintive but immortal voice, the vindication, at any hazard, of the rights of the soul. The shackles of a material dispensation may for a while depress, but they cannot destroy the undying life, which, though pining and withering in its bondage, must one day awake and turn the cheeks of scorn-ers pale, and their sneers into cries for mercy. Empires have been established by the sword, in the place of decayed dynasties; the pen may prove to be equally mighty in dethroning false divinities.

To page 87. It would not be fair thus to allude to the eccentric energy of the Bishop of Exeter, without adding a word of cordial praise for his zeal in behalf of the organic prerogatives of the Church of England. May that Church have the grace to heed the summons of the familiar hymn, which could not be more appropriate, had it been expressly written as an appeal to revive the rights of Convocation; and may the hope be none the less significant for coming from the capital of Puritan polity!

"Triumphant Zion! lift thy head  
From dust and darkness, and the dead;  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

"Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.

"No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

"God from on high has heard thy prayer;  
His hand thy ruin shall repair;  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace."









